£500 IN FOOTBALL, £430 IN MIDDLES, AND 500 OTHER PRIZES.

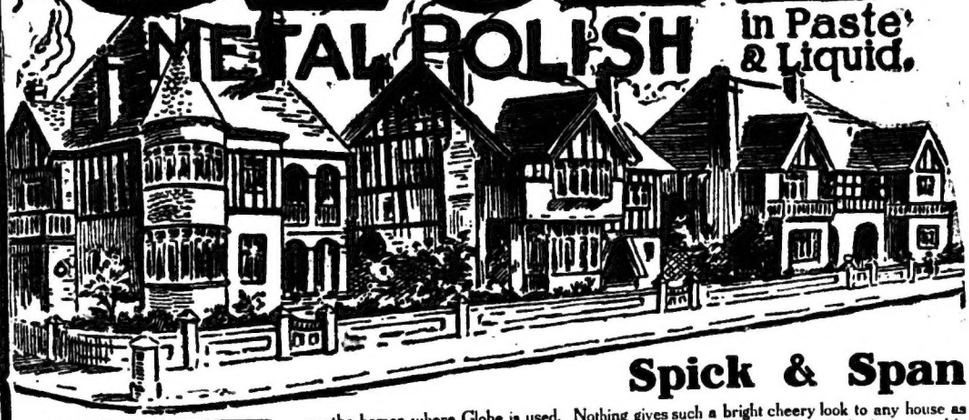
PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1223.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MADE IN ENGLAND.

GLOBE METAL POLISH in Paste & Liquid.



Spick & Span

are the homes where Globe is used. Nothing gives such a bright cheery look to any house as brilliant brasses, and if you use Globe they are kept at their brightest with the least possible trouble. Globe gives the easy quick shine without unnecessary "elbow-grease." And what is more the Globe shine lasts even in damp and foggy weather. Polishing day comes only half as often in the houses where Globe is used. In the *Bathroom*, in the *Kitchen*, in the *Dining-room*, in fact for every piece of bright metal in the house use Globe and save work.

GLOBE PRIZE SCHEME. Thousands of valuable Prizes are given to users of Globe. Ask your dealer, or send post-card to RAIMES & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E., for full prize list and particulars.

GLOBE—the British Metal Polish—is made in two forms, Paste and Liquid, identical in their polishing properties.

PASTE: 1d., 2d., 4d. and larger tins. LIQUID (in sprinkler top cans, which prevent waste): 2d., 6d., 1s., and larger sizes. Of Grocers and Stores everywhere.

G2b

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I'm the Disc Machine you're looking for

2/6 GETS ME DON'T WAIT - WRITE NOW

"HOMESTEAD" GRAMOPHONE,

the largest and best high-grade Disc Talking Machine. 30/- Easy Terms. Money back if you're not satisfied. Cash Discount 2/- in the £.

KEEP THINGS MOVING THIS YULETIDE.

UNLESS you can get absolutely pure tone, and can clearly hear the words of the song, a Talking Machine is an irritating disappointment. The Catesby "Homestead" Gramophone gives you just the perfect melodious tone and word clearness you wish. It has taken us months to find the right machine for you and us at a price you can willingly pay. To get this extra low price, 30/- Easy Terms, we have had to place one of the largest orders ever known. If you don't like the "Homestead" Machine in any way—return it at once and we return your money. We've studied tone and freedom from disturbing noise rather than varnish. The "Homestead" gives you the essentials of a high-grade Disc Machine at quarter the price. Have one on approval and judge for yourself.

Let us send you a Complete Catalogue of Beautifully Illustrated Models. It's Post Free.

Do you want any Double-sided Records at 1/8 each? If so, just drop us a line and we will send them to you securely packed to any address in the United Kingdom, carriage paid.

Catalogue of Records Post Free.

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ONLY 2/6 DEPOSIT

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The BEST REMEDY known for

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and kindred ailments.

Price of Bottle 1s. 1½d.

Of all Chemists 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6.

The only palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM. Cuts short all attacks of SPASMS, HYSTERIA, and PALPITATION.

Acts like a Charm in DIARRHŒA and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Mother made the Pudding! I made the delicious HOT SAUCE with BIRD'S Custard.

The Pudding crowns the Christmas Feast, and its enjoyment is doubled when served with BIRD'S Custard as a Hot Sauce.

HOT SAUCE gives *BIRD'S Custard* the chance to prove its superiority by bringing out the delightful flavor and aroma. With these, added to its rich creaminess, what a combination you have for making the Pudding taste better than ever!

In Pkts 2 for 1½d, Boxes 4d & 7½d, LARGE 8½d Tins.

You simply prepare the BIRD'S Custard in the usual way and serve at once while HOT.

PATRONISED BY **H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.**

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 20/12/13.

On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our **PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA**

suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with **FREE RUG,** thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for **10/6**

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

67 Lewin Rd., Streatham Com., S.W., May 16th. **TESTIMONIALS.**

Mrs. Margary writes:—"Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brusselette Carpet, size 10½ ft. by 12ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last sixteen years, and have been very well pleased with them."

178 Belvir Road, Coalville, Leicester, May 4th.

H. Cox, Esq., writes: "Please send me two of your Prudential Brusselette Carpets and Rugs, amount 10/6 enclosed. The last we had from you has been in wear twelve years."

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 20/12/13. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.) Manufacts'rs., Importers and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get it by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, mesmerism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict dietrules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 82 and 83 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

Study the Advertisements and when writing to advertisers mention "P.W."

Make your own Cigarette it is twice as good

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER

BEST and PUREST

76 SEASONABLE RECIPES

Explaining How to Make and Cook

Christmas Puddings, Mince Pies, Turkey Stuffing, Goose and Apple Sauce, Gingerbread, Boiled Ham, Almond Paste, Icing, Spice Loaf, and other delicacies too numerous to mention, ...

Appear in

HOME COOKERY

THE ONLY RELIABLE COOKERY BOOK.

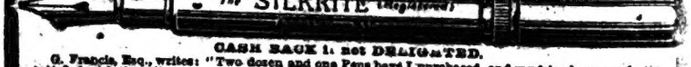
XMAS SPECIAL NUMBER. Now Selling. ONE PENNY.

The Best Penny worth a Woman Can Possibly Buy.

5 Years' Guarantee with each Pen!

The "SILKRITE" Regd. Self-Filling Fountain Pen, Post Free 1/6

G. Tofts, Esq., writes: "I had a 'Silkrite' Pen three years ago—it is as good as ever." EA[illegible]



CASH BACK if not DELIGHTED.

G. Francis, Esq., writes: "Two dozen and one Pens have I purchased, and my friends are perfectly satisfied with them."

Rich Rhodonite barrel, 7 inches long, fitted 14-carat Gold-plated nib. Fills itself in two seconds—Delightfully RILEY Written. Testimonials and Catalogue, 1,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Cutlery, Electro-plate, Novelties, Post Free!

THE LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 4), 5 Richmond Road, LEEDS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1223. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20, 1913. ONE PENNY.

To Those Who Don't "Middle."

SOME WORDS OF ADVICE, AND AN INVITATION.

I WOULD like to have a few words with those of my readers who don't, at present, regularly enter the competitions in this paper. They may be divided into three classes. First, those who say: "I can't be bothered—I haven't time." Secondly, those who say: "I haven't a chance—I'm not clever enough." And, thirdly, those who say: "All competitions are swindles."

Now, I want to say this to those who come under the first heading:

"No time is wasted in which your occupation gives you mental recreation. There is such a thing as too much work. Reading is an excellent pastime, but if one has any worry or anxiety on hand, merely reading is not sufficient to keep the mind from brooding. What is needed is concentration. If you need a complete change of thought, take up "Middles" and concentrate on producing some result. You will find that the occupation is a great relief to the mind, with the possibility of being extremely profitable.

To the second class of non-competitors—you who do not believe yourselves clever enough to win—I would say this: You are too modest. You underrate your own abilities. In life's work such people as you are often really cleverer than those who are self-confident. But your ability can only be proved by actual effort. Why not put yourself to the test by entering for "Middles" one or two weeks, and see how you stand in comparison with other competitors? It would be a good and interesting test.

The third class is, happily, a small one. The members of it labour under the strange idea that all prizes in big competitions go to the friends of the Editor, or are sent to certain towns where the paper needs a bigger circulation, or that the attempts are selected haphazard, so as to save time. Well, I may tell them this—that such beliefs are utterly absurd. No paper with any reputation to maintain would adopt such contemptible methods. They would very quickly be discovered. It would, apart from the moral side, be very bad business.

Now, I want all of you—under whichever class you come—this week to put your minds to work and see if you can't capture one of the big prizes offered in "Middles." You have the satisfaction of knowing that every line submitted is scrutinised, at least, three times, and that the best lines are carefully read and studied, and their merits weighed one against the other by the judges. Under no circumstances is any consideration given to the part of the country in which a competitor lives. It is merit, and merit alone, that wins.

You will see on page 696 the amounts of the cash prizes offered, and all particulars of how to do "Middles." Don't be discouraged at your first attempt, but buckle to, and you will produce something good—something that might even carry off the lump sum of £300.

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.

IF patience is really a virtue there is a young man in the south-eastern suburbs who ought to wear a full-size halo.

Last Thursday night he stood at a street corner and referred to his watch, which registered seven o'clock. Just then a girl with a small Covent Garden on her hat approached.

"What a time you have kept me waiting, Maud," said the youth.

The girl tossed her head. "It's only just seven," she said, "and I didn't promise to be here till half-past six."

The young man smiled. "Yes," he said, "but you've mistaken the day. I've been waiting since last night!"

"SPLENDID colour, isn't it?" asked the fishmonger, cutting open the salmon.

"Yes," replied the purchaser, "looks as if it is blushing at the price you ask for it."

ONE CONSOLATION.

Englishman (to Pat): "Say, Pat, have you any cure for corns?"

Pat: "I might; but where are they?"

Englishman: "On the soles of my feet."

Pat: "That's one consolation, anyway."

Englishman (surprised): "Why?"

Pat (with a twinkle in his eye): "Because nobody can stand on them but yourself."

THEY were looking through the library.

"If you had the divine gift, what would you rather write?" asked the romantic young woman.

"Cheques," replied the sordid young man.

WILL HE GRUMBLE?

First Lady: "What Christmas present are you going to give your husband?"

Second Lady: "A hundred cigars."

First Lady: "And what did you pay for them?"

Second Lady: "Oh, nothing! For the last few months I have taken one or two out of Jack's box every day. He hasn't noticed it, and will be so pleased with my little present and the fine quality of the cigars."

HIS STEPPY.

TOMMY'S mother had married again, and though Tommy didn't in the least object to his new father, he was somewhat puzzled as to their relationship.

"Mamma," he said, "is this man my step-papa?"

"Yes, dear, he is your step-papa."

"Well, mamma," pursued thoughtful Thomas, "you call me your little lad, don't you?"

"Yes, dearie, you are mamma's little lad."

"Then, mamma," concluded Thomas, "I suppose I must be my step-papa's little step-ladder."

THE LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

Driver of the Dog-cart (to Meandering Mike who has slowly extracted a match from his pocket and placed it against the wheel of the stationary vehicle): "What are you waiting for, my man?"

Meandering Mike: "Only for you to move on, guv'nor, so as to strike this match and give me a light."

SUCH A NICE SERMON, TOO.

"OH, George!" cried the fair, young vision in blue, as she floated into the drawing-room and found her lesser half reading the latest novel. "You really ought to have come to church with me this morning. Such a beautiful sermon! I'm sure it would have done you good. All about dishonesty, and stealing, and petty meanness. No one could help feeling better for it. I do wish you could have heard it!"

"Really, my dear," murmured George, and tried in vain to stifle a yawn. "And—ah—did you walk home?"

"No, I took a tram. And, oh, George, I had such a stroke of luck! The conductor never asked for my fare, so I saved twopence!"

George: "Eileen, rather than remain single, would you marry the biggest fool on earth?"

Eileen: "Oh, George! This is so sudden!"

SQUASHED!

THE wicked, witty prodigal returned, and in his old manner accosted his father:

"Well, guv'nor, I've come back. Are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

But the old gentleman was a match for him, and said:

"No, my son, I think I'll let you live."

"FLORRIE was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Six of them recognised it at once."

ONE LOOK WAS ENOUGH.

A POOR, half-fed, shrinking German pedlar rapped timidly. Mrs. Norman, whose temper that day was bad, flung open the kitchen door, and glowered down at him.

"Did ye wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The man backed a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish. Thank you!"

The best Christmas number for boys is the Christmas number of the SCOUT. Now on sale.

A Life Affair

The Story of An Insufferable Bore—and a Practical Joke.

By MARK ALLERTON.

"Something will have to be done."

That was the conclusion arrived at by the coterie of business men who travelled from Burnham Green to the City every morning.

There had been a time when they enjoyed the journey. A football discussion, an inquiry into the golf push shot, perhaps a game of cards—all these made the fifty minutes seem like fifteen. But that good time was over. And its departure dated from the appearance at Burnham Green of Mr. Leo Martin.

Mr. Leo Martin was a sharp-featured, slim young man with spectacles and a persistent manner. It was remembered that one morning he had taken his place in the foremost second-class smoking compartment—a carriage reserved by prescriptive right for the Burnham Green coterie—and had then and there opened up conversation.

In the compartment were George Train, the hope of the Burnham Green Football Club; Jack Parker, the President of the Debating Society; Mr. Farmiloe, a genial elderly gentleman who cultivated roses; and Clarence Smith, who was included because he could play a passable game of bridge.

Among these Mr. Leo Martin had thrust himself. He had begun with a "Good morning"—the right people at Burnham Green do not say "Good morning" to those to whom they have not been introduced—and he had followed that up by introducing himself, and by explaining that he represented the British, Colonial, and Continental Life Insurance Company.

He talked at length and with intricate statistics of the British, Colonial, and Continental Company. He compared it to the other leading companies, much to their disadvantage.

"And I may tell you this," he was saying as the train drew up at the terminus, "we are now entering our bonus year."

It was not until Mr. Leo Martin had monopolised the conversation for four consecutive mornings that the other occupants of the carriage realised that they were up against something.

"Who is the fellow, anyhow?" asked Mr. Parker.

"He's an insufferable bore!" said Mr. Train.

"We haven't had a rubber all this week," grumbled Mr. Farmiloe.

"He is energetic," ventured Mr. Clarence Smith.

"Energy be blowed! He's a nuisance! He'll be asking us to insure our lives next."

That was precisely what Mr. Leo Martin did next suggest. By the means of a sudden direct question he elicited the information that, with the exception of Mr. Farmiloe, none of his companions were insured. Therefore he thrust upon them a variety of pink, white, and blue pamphlets, at the same time expressing his dismay at their forgetfulness.

It was after this encounter that it was resolved that something had to be done.

"Snubbing's no use," said Parker. "We've tried that."

"I suppose there's no use appealing to the guard?" suggested Clarence Smith.

"I have learnt," said Mr. Farmiloe, "that he lives in lodgings in Wisteria Avenue, and that he has come to our district because he is engaged to old Deacon's daughter."

"What? Dolly, the pretty kid who runs the teashop?"

"That's right!"

"I like his cheek!" muttered Parker, whose advances in the direction of Dolly Deacon had been coldly repulsed.

"It's a confounded nuisance!" grumbled Train.

Cold looks and chilly replies had no effect whatever on Leo Martin. The next morning he genially inquired if the recipients of his booklets had given them the study they merited.

"I don't mind telling you that I'm after your lives," he cried, with an expansive smile. "And if you do as I suggest you'll not regret it. You'll always know that you've something against a rainy day. Now I know a man who was in the British and Colonial and insured for five hundred he was. First-class life. Fine, hearty chap—not unlike you, Mr. Parker. He died last June. Appendicitis. All happened in a week."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Mr. Parker, viciously.

"But such happenings have got to be faced. Now, take myself—if I die I'm worth four hundred and twenty; the twenty represents our accumulated bonuses."

"More'n you're worth alive!" cried Train unkindly.

"You see," said Mr. Parker, when they met at the evening train, "this is getting beyond a joke. Short of telling the fellow that we don't want to have anything to do with him, I don't see what can be done."

"If I might make a suggestion . . . ." began Clarence Smith nervously.

All eyes were turned on Clarence Smith. He was a short, sandy-haired man with weak sight and a mild manner.

"Out with it, Clarence."

"Well, you know Mr. Samuels? He trades as John McEwan and Company—the chap who joins the train at Surbiton," he began.

"Yes. What about him?"

"Well, it's like this."

And Clarence Smith unfolded his plan, hesitatingly at first, then, as it was received with manifest approval, more confidently.

"Will you do it?" demanded Mr. Parker.

"And will it come off?" added Mr. Train.

"I don't know whether it'll come off or not," said Clarence. "But I'll do it."

The following morning Mr. Leo Martin made his way with high hopes to the station.

"I guess I've made an impression," he told himself. "At least, I've worn 'em out. If I don't do business with them I'm a Dutchman. But, heavens, how I hate them! Snobs they are—beastly snobs! However, it's all in the day's work."

And then he fell to thinking of a very trim little lady who was fighting her own battle in a teashop near the station.

On his arrival at the station he found, to his intense chagrin, that of the possible business bringers only one, and that the least likely, was on the platform.

Clarence Smith greeted him with a friendly nod.

"Rest seem to have overslept," he said as the train drew up.

Mr. Leo Martin made the best of things. He tackled Clarence Smith earnestly on his pet subject.

"You really ought to, you know," he concluded.

"I dare say," replied Clarence. "I'll think it over. At present I'm too hard up."

"It's only a few pounds a year," pleaded Mr. Leo Martin. "And think what it means."

"I know," Clarence Smith appeared to muse deeply. "I tell you," he cried suddenly. "I know the man for you."

"Who?"

"McEwan. He gets in at Surbiton. I'll point him out to you. You mention my name—Smith. He'll insure like a shot."

"Friend of yours?"

"Uncle," replied Clarence, selecting a cigarette from a threepenny packet.

Mr. McEwan, as pointed out by Clarence, seemed to Mr. Martin a rather choleric elderly man.

"I've reasons for not wanting to meet him at present," said Clarence, "else I'd give you an introduction. But you just go up and mention my name. Tell him what you've told us."

At the terminus Mr. Leo Martin dashed from the train before it came to rest. He was at the barrier when Mr. McEwan appeared.

"Good morning!" he said lightly, and he lifted his hat.

Mr. McEwan favoured him with a malevolent stare.

"Good morning! I have been told that you would not be averse to having a word with me, Mr. McEwan. If you will give me five minutes——"

"Who told you that?"

"Mr. Smith, of Burnham Green."

Now Mr. Samuels, *alias* Mr. McEwan, had dealings with quite a number of people from Burnham Green and elsewhere who chose to be known as Mr. Smith. He eyed his interrogator.

"What's it about?" he demanded.

"Life Insurance," was the ingratiating reply.

Mr. McEwan nodded and smiled. He was willing at all times to lend money on the security of a safe policy.

"Come and see me at eleven," he said. "Here's my card."

The card conveyed no meaning. It read: "McEwan and Company, 17A Welpole Street, W."

At eleven-five Mr. Leo Martin found himself in Mr. McEwan's luxurious office.

"Now, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. McEwan, rubbing his hands.

Mr. Leo Martin began.

He had carefully prepared what he had to say. It was a very good speech, forcible, convincing, and what not, if only he had been allowed to finish it. But before he had got through the introduction Mr. McEwan interrupted him.

"What the deuce do you want?" he barked.

"I want your life," replied Mr. Martin facetiously.

"You're not a canvasser, are you?" exclaimed Mr. McEwan, thoroughly startled.

"I am."

"And who sent you here? Who let you in?"

"Mr. Clarence Smith suggested that I should call on you."

"Mr. Clarence Smith? Never heard of him!"

"I understood him to say," replied Mr. Leo Martin, "that you are his uncle."

Mr. McEwan's face grew black with rage. This was an insult, a studied insult! Clearly it referred to a pawnbroking business in the Pentonville Road.

"What company do you say you represent?" snarled Mr. McEwan.

Mr. Leo Martin told him.

"Then I shall write to the head office. I shall report you for your insolence!" shouted the angry financial agent. "Get out, or I'll have you kicked out!"

That afternoon while Mr. Clarence Smith was having a cup of tea in an A.B.C. shop there entered Mr. Leo Martin. Mr. Martin looked pale and worried. Clarence Smith smiled nervously when their eyes met, but Martin did not return the smile. He bestowed on the unhappy Clarence one glance of contempt, and then sat down at another table. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to Mr. Martin. He leant back and addressed Clarence Smith in clear, distinct accents.

"When you suggested that I should call on Mr. McEwan," he said, "I did not know that he was Samuels, your pawnbroker."

The amused eyes of the waitresses and a few customers were turned on the blushing Clarence Smith.

"Of course you meant it to be a joke," continued Martin.

"Yes, that was the idea," replied Clarence Smith confusedly.

"I dare say I'll see the humour of it later on," said Martin. Then he added in a lower tone: "The joke has had the immediate effect of my getting the sack."

Clarence Smith's face blanched. He was a good-hearted little fellow, and he was distressed beyond words. He rose hurriedly and seated himself at Martin's table.

"Go on!" he whispered.

"It's a fact. Old Samuels must have written the very deuce of a letter to the head office. I was made to toe the line and told not to try to get any more business for them." He paused. "I thought you'd be glad to know," he said bitterly.

"But I'm not. I'm beastly sorry. Oh, I say, this is awful!"

Mr. Leo Martin winced.

"It is, rather," he said, and the fingers that held the teaspoon trembled. "I had made up my mind that I was to be made a district inspector. And—well, the next time you try your hand at practical joking you might let down easy the man who is trying to earn enough to get married. I'm not in business for my health. That's all. So long!"

Mr. Martin left his tea and hurried from the shop.

The two succeeding days Mr. Martin spent in a fruitless endeavour to get work. He was dejectedly eating his evening meal in his shabby lodgings at Burnham Green when his landlady announced that four gentlemen wanted to see him.

"They wouldn't give their names," she said.

Marvelling, Mr. Martin told her to show them in.

There was the tramp of many feet, and there filed into the room Mr. Farmiloe, Mr. Train, Mr. Parker, with Mr. Clarence Smith bringing up the rear.

Mr. Martin's lips tightened. This, he told himself, was another joke. Why couldn't they leave him alone.

Mr. Farmiloe spoke.

"Smith has told us the result of a joke we played on you. Since we are all identified with that joke we have come to offer our apology."

Martin did not believe him. He remained silent.

"We've been to-day to the head office of your company, and we've seen the secretary. He is writing to you. You are to start again to-morrow."

"Very kind of him," said Martin dryly.

"You don't believe me? Well, I give you my word of honour that it's true. And when you go to the office to-morrow you can take with you our proposals for insurance. Parker, Train, and Smith want life insurances for one thousand pounds each with profits, out at fifty. I want to transfer to your office my fire business. My works are insured for five thousand pounds."

Still Martin kept his composure. It all sounded honest and above board. But once bitten——

The landlady entered again.

"A letter for you," she said.

Martin opened it with trembling fingers. It was from the head office.

> "Dear Sir," it ran,—"From information which I have received I gather that the only fault you have made is that of excess of zeal. That is a somewhat rare fault, and so I hope, if you have not made other arrangements, that you will accept that post of Inspector of Agents of which we talked some time ago. Look in and see me to-morrow if you've time.—Yours truly,
>
> "George Sharpe (Secretary)."

Martin looked up.

"I'm obliged to you," he said huskily.

Farmiloe and the rest backed hurriedly to the door.

"See you at the train to-morrow?" asked Farmiloe.

"Good night, old man!" cried Parker.

"So long, Martin," said Train.

Clarence Smith hesitated. "I say! Good luck to you and—and Miss Deacon," he murmured. Then he fled.

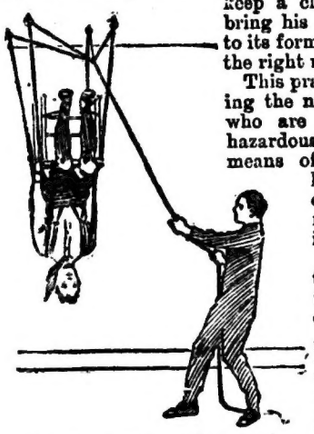
Mr. Leo Martin waited until he knew his visitors would have disappeared round the corner of the road. Then he reached for his hat and rushed from the house in the direction of the teashop near the station.

You'll say "The Quest of the Sacred Slipper" In the Christmas NOVEL is a ripper!

GETTING USED TO IT.

How Men and Horses Who are Called Upon to Face Danger are Nerve-hardened Beforehand.

BEFORE he attempted to fly upside down or loop the loop in mid air, Mr. B. C. Hucks, the first English airman to carry out these daring aerial manœuvres, spent considerable time hanging upside down in a chair to which he was strapped, in order to get used to the sensations of being in an inverted position for a length of time. Thus, when he actually turned over in his Bleriot monoplane some hundreds of feet in the air, he was sufficiently used to his strange position to keep a clear head, and bring his machine back to its former position at the right moment.



Before airmen loop the loop they practise the sensation by hanging suspended upside down in a chair for some minutes.

This practice of training the nerves of those who are to undertake hazardous tasks by means of realistic rehearsals, is now carried out in many interesting directions.

For instance, there is an establisment in existence at Atherton, in Lancashire, where men are trained in a most realistic fashion for rescue work in mines. An imitation coal gallery some fifty feet long is completely inclosed by walls of plate glass. Within this strange erection pupils, attired in smoke helmets and carrying oxygen tubes on their backs, grope about in a dense, unbreathable atmosphere, thick with poisonous sulphur fumes. These men are training for mine rescuing work, and their tuition is carried out under conditions of absolute realism.

Whilst moving about in the murky atmosphere of the make-believe mine, they have to pick up from the floor and carry on their shoulders dummy miners, weighted to some twelve stone, make their way over all manner of obstacles, such as falls of brick and timber in wrecked workings, all of which has to be carried out by the faint glimmer of a hand safety-lamp.

The realism under which this training is carried out can be gauged from the fact that a doctor is in close attendance throughout, in order to deal with the pupils who are overcome by the fumes

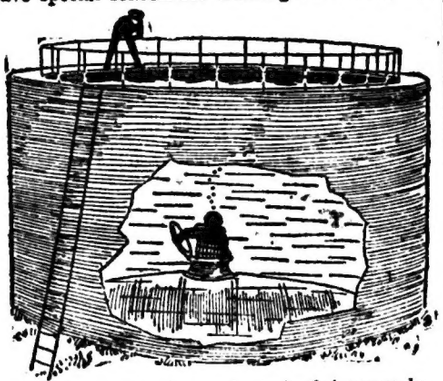
Mine rescuers get used to their hazardous tasks by first training in a glass-inclosed dummy mine, full of poisonous sulphur fumes.

of the glass-inclosed mine. Through the transparent sides of the mine gallery, experts watch the movements of the men inside.

Not long ago the Admiralty had constructed at the Haslar Submarine Depôt a huge tank containing a skeleton submarine. The purpose of this construction is to train officers and men in the submarine service to keep their heads in moments of disaster, and by means of safety devices escape to the surface unscathed.

They are lowered in the submarine to some considerable depth of water, and when submerged they are taught how to adjust the safety devices and escape from the dummy vessel.

Few people realise how important a part the horse plays in war, and also that these animals have to be trained as thoroughly as their riders, if cavalry and artillery squadrons are to be dependable fighting units. Most big countries have special schools for training war steeds, and



Men of the submarine service train their nerves by carrying out safety manœuvres in a skeleton vessel which is sunk in a deep tank of water.

at these establishments all manner of devices are adopted to train the animals under conditions akin to actual warfare.

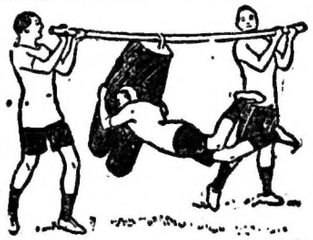
Their training is carried out in stages. First a revolver is fired near the animals, and when they get used to that they are put through more drastic treatment. They are taught to face fire by galloping up a line of infantry

Army horses are made familiar with the din of the battlefield by being made to charge lines of blazing artillery—of course, firing blank cartridges.

blazing away with their rifles, and eventually they are made to charge roaring batteries of massed artillery. This process of training Army horses provides plenty of excitement for the riders, especially in the final stages, when the horses are trained to lie prone on the ground whilst their riders carry on quick-firing practice, with the barrel of the rifle resting on the creature's side.

This desire for realistic training has also penetrated into sporting circles, and the ardent shot has now at his command all manner of mechanical and moving picture targets on which he can practise his skill; the boxer has life-like dummies to punch about the ring, and the horse rider a very convincing substitute in the make-belief animal of springs and leather to train upon. But few athletes adopt such realistic methods of training as those recently adopted by enthusiastic Rugby footballers.

In order to get used to the strenuous exertions of the game, they practise tackling a dummy filled with a hard packing substance, which is suspended to the centre of a pole. The latter is carried by two of his comrades, who twist the dummy in various directions in an endeavour to loose it from the grip of the man who is clinging to it, or to prevent him from obtaining a hold. This form of training is very exhausting, but it has proved an excellent producer of hard muscles and tackling skill.



Some Rugby enthusiasts now learn to tackle by the aid of a heavily-weighted dummy suspended from a pole.

ANOTHER £100 INSURANCE CLAIM PAID.

WITH deep regret we have to record the sad death of one of our readers, George Edward Stringer Steward, a discount broker of 168 Victoria Road, Charlton, Kent.

It appears that on Friday, November 14th, deceased was travelling home by train and went to sleep in the carriage. According to a witness who got out at Charlton Station, the deceased was asleep when the train arrived, and the witness got out of the carriage, leaving him there, and then the train began to move.

The next thing the witness saw was the deceased "hanging on the carriage door" (which was open) as if about to alight. Either the carriage door or Mr. Steward's body was caught by the bridge, and he dropped into a sitting position on the edge of the platform, with his legs down between the train and the platform.

Witness ran forward, but evidently the wheels of the train caught Mr. Steward, and he was dragged down under the train. When the train had passed witness saw the deceased lying on the line. A doctor was sent for at once, but Mr. Steward died in Blackheath Cottage Hospital the same evening of the injuries he had received.

Mr. Steward was a reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, and, in accordance with the terms of our Insurance Scheme, a cheque for £100 has been forwarded to his next-of-kin.

I am sure that all readers of *P.W.* will join with us in offering the deepest and most sincere sympathy to Mr. Steward's relatives on the sad blow that has fallen to their lot.

Such an accident as this serves as a reminder of the importance of signing the Insurance Coupon, which will be found on the last white page of the paper.

The signing of the coupon is a duty which every reader owes to those dependent upon him, and has already meant in many cases that families, otherwise totally unprovided for, owing to the death of the head of the house, have at least been insured against poverty by the foresight of the vanished bread-winner.

Already the sum of £13,800 has been paid out under our Insurance scheme.

£5 A NIGHT FOR SMASHING CROCKERY.

MR JOHN LAWSON, better known perhaps as "Humanity Lawson," who recently admitted in court that, in addition to his salary he was allowed £5 a night for breakages, has made a fortune out of a single music-hall sketch.

It is a good many years ago now since he first put *Humanity* on the boards, a dramatic sketch in which an outraged man is shown in his home destroying anything which comes within his reach. In the course of this mania he breaks up practically all the crockery there is in the house.

This thrilling sketch became an instant success, and as is the way in the music halls, it was copied by hosts of other artistes.

Jugglers, comedians, and other sketch companies all included a crockery smashing element in their turns, and while the rage lasted it seemed that many artistes desired to do nothing else but dash numerous pieces of china to smithereens on the stage.

This was all right for the artistes concerned, but not so nice for dancing turns who followed after and had to run the risk of cutting themselves on the fragments which could not be cleared up.

Humanity has been so successful that it has been played in all parts of the world, and is still running, and quite lately it was filmed for the cinematograph theatres.

SEWN UP.

SINCE the medical inspection of school children became general some extraordinary views of parents have been disclosed. Recently, at Glasgow, the medical inspector and teacher having vainly endeavoured to undress a little girl for examination, sent for the mother to solve the buttonless mystery.

"Tak' aff the wean's claes?" she shrieked in voluble protest. "Ye'll dae naething o' the kind. I hev sewed her up for the winter!"

"How would you classify the telephone girl?" asked the old fogey. "Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither," replied the smart youth; "it is a calling."

Pégoud, the famous aviator, tells you how he flies upside down in the Christmas ROYAL MAGAZINE.

RED MILK REVENGE.

How Some People Have "Got Their Own Back" in Very Odd Ways.

A FARMER in the Lancashire village of Guide got a nasty shock the other morning. When he went into his dairy he found that all the overnight milk—forty gallons of it—had turned a bright red colour.

Milk will sometimes go bad within a few hours, and turn very queer colours, but in this case the unpleasant hue proved to be due to revenge. A dye of some kind had been added to the milk. It seems that someone had a grudge against the farmer because, while others had raised the price of milk, he was the only man in the district who stuck to the old tariff.

Mean minds seem often to work in the same groove. Only the other day a Reading dentist got into serious trouble for perpetrating a similar revenge on a photographic firm whose studio was on the floor below his offices.

He had quarrelled with them, and in order to get even, had bored a hole in the floor and squirted ink through it upon the pictures below.

Then there was the Thornton Heath case which, some years ago, caused a considerable sensation in that neighbourhood. A gentleman living in Quadrant Road went for a holiday. When he returned he found his house covered with a ghastly mixture of tar and hideous posters. The offender was the keeper of a lodging-house who had some fancied grudge against the unfortunate gentleman.

Dyed His Dog Scarlet.

All Germany laughed over the story of the burgomaster's dog. The burgomaster of a small town in Wurtemberg was tremendously down on Socialists, and made an absurd fuss because one of the town officials called upon him wearing a red tie. Next day the burgomaster's white poodle disappeared. Twenty-four hours later it was returned quite uninjured, but dyed a vivid scarlet, and wearing a blood red riband round its neck and a red bow on its tail.

It is in little country places that spite seems to take its meanest forms. In August last a Welsh woman was heavily fined for flinging mustard in the eyes of some sheep which had strayed upon her place. Four of the poor creatures were blinded entirely.

Everyone who has lived in a country parish knows the intense rivalry that exists at flower show time. This rivalry sometimes leads to bitter feuds between neighbours, and the result of such a feud was tried before the Bath Bench.

Vegetables Pricked with Needles.

A Weston man was charged with doing wilful damage to the vegetables of a successful exhibitor, and the plaintiff showed beans, onions, cabbages, and marrows which had been ruined by having needles thrust into them. The defendant admitted his guilt, but said that he had had doubts as to whether the plaintiff showed his own produce, and had adopted this method of finding out.

There was a similar but worse case at Godalming last summer. Some poisonous substance was strewn all through a beautiful garden, and all the plants destroyed. A reward of £25 was offered for conviction, but the scoundrels were never brought to book.

Discharged workmen have been known to wreak their spite upon their late employers in scandalous fashion. At Lille, in France, is one of the biggest sugar refineries in the country. One night a workman discharged for laziness managed to get into the works and turned on all the taps of the reservoirs filled with molasses. The loss was very heavy, but the worst of it was that the whole place was flooded with thousands of gallons of treacle, and it was days before the awful mess could be cleared up.

More recently an ornamental lake in Shropshire was emptied by raising the water gate, and a great number of fine trout washed away into the river or destroyed. This, again, was a cruel and mischievous act of revenge.

FOR OUR FOOTBALL READERS £500

(See page 679.)

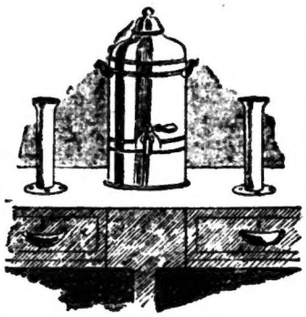
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

BY TUBE TO THE TILL.

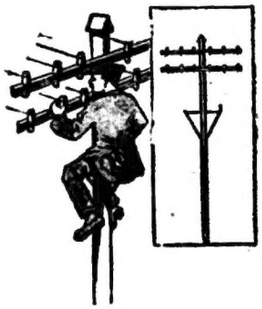
ON the counter in most catering shops where customers have to get change before ordering their wants, can be seen two metal tubes placed on either side of the churn, as illustrated in the accompanying picture.



It is placed there so that shop assistants instead of opening the draw of the till each time they want to put money in, drop it down these tubes which lead to the till. This device saves much time, especially when assistants are busy.

SAVES A LADDER.

YOU may perhaps have sometimes noticed two small iron brackets, like those shown in the accompanying sketch, fastened to a telephone post about a yard from the top. When some minor repairs have to be done to the wires or insulators, the man appointed to do the work climbs up the pole, and sits upon these rests and, clutching the post with his legs, has two hands free for the task. This saves a great deal of time and labour in carrying a heavy ladder about, especially in a country district.

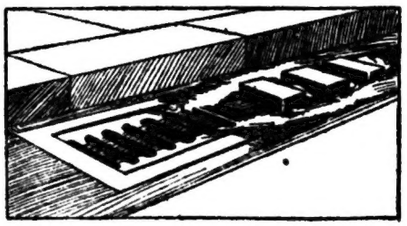


HELPS MOTOR CYCLISTS.

THIS illustration shows a useful form of road map case for motor cyclists. It consists of a leather case with a transparent back and front in which the map is contained. This case has at the top a long piece of cord which passes round the rider's neck, and at the lower end a tab, which buttons on to one of his coat fastenings. Thus the map case is kept in a handy position for reference, and, although it in no way impedes the rider's movements, no amount of jolting will dislodge it from its position.

WHAT THE BRICKS ARE FOR.

AFTER a heavy storm the rainwater, when rushing down a steep hill, washes with it sand, leaves, paper and other refuse. This, when gathered in a heap over a drain, causes a flood. To prevent this happening, an idea is now adopted of cementing two or three bricks in front of drains which are situated at the bottom of steep hills, in the manner shown in the picture. These bricks stop the force of the water, and also prevents all waste refuse from entering the drain, thus allowing a free flow of water.



FORTUNES AT FOURTEEN.

About Some Boys and Girls in their Teens who Have Drawn Princely Salaries.

"I'D give five thousand pounds if I could lose your weight," observed Frank Wootton, mournfully, to a brother jockey who had tipped the beam at eight stone two.

Wootton, who is twenty this month (December), cannot get much below ten stone, and is, therefore, too heavy to remain in his present profession.

But what matters? Though still hardly more than a boy, he is able to retire with a fortune that many a successful business man of middle age would envy.

Before he was fifteen his position as one of the leading jockeys of the day was established, and his earnings in that year were something like five thousand pounds. It was in 1908 that a French owner offered Mr. Wootton a retaining fee of £2,000 a year for the boy to ride for him in France.

In eight years Frank Wootton has ridden nearly nine hundred winners. Reared in Australia, he had his first mount in South Africa. His age was then under ten, and his weight under five stone. He won the race and has been winning ever since. For one win alone, the race for the Grand Prix de Paris, in 1912, he was paid £2,000 besides £1[illegible] for expenses.

A Wonderful Billiard Player at Thirteen.

Next to the saddle, the billiard-room seems to offer the most sensational openings for boys whose skill is manual rather than mental. Ten years ago, Willie Hoppe, an American boy of only eleven, startled the billiard world by beating Tracy, Burroughs, Hyde, and other champions of the cannon game; and this, though he was so small in stature that he had to use the rest for at least one shot in five. At thirteen he was making £20 a week.

Then came George Gray, the Australian, with his amazing breaks, and now we have Tommy Newman. The latter, who is just nineteen, is a pupil of the famous John Roberts, and must already be classed as about the fourth best billiard player in the kingdom. He will be champion in a very few years, if he goes on as he has begun. Already he is making very big money.

Few youngsters have made such a sensation as the French air boy, young Hanriot, son of the inventor of the Hanriot aeroplane. Three years ago, in 1910, when barely fifteen years old, he was flying with all the confidence of a Paulhan or a Hamel, and making very large sums by exhibitions of his skill.

£100 a Week for a Girl Dancer.

It is on the stage that youth receives its largest rewards. There is a seven-year-old French child named Debus who is at present receiving £700 a year from a cinematograph company. Professional jealousies develop early. A few months ago this infant refused to appear on the stage with another child-actor to whom he had taken a dislike. The company sued him, but young Debus was legally represented, and won his case.

Little Miss Elise Craven, the tiny fairy queen, who made her first appearance at His Majesty's in *Pinkie and the Fairies*, received early in 1909 an engagement for eight weeks at £100 a week. This is far and away the largest salary ever paid to a dancer of eleven years old, and has rarely been equalled even by famous *premières danseuses*.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AN elderly Scotsman was tried for a slight offence and was put in prison. The warder handed him a pail of water next morning, with the remark, "That's to clean your cell." What was his astonishment on returning to find Sandy, who had divested himself of his clothing, having a bath.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the warder. "What are you doing, Sandy?"

Sandy (turning round quite innocently): "Didn't ye say it was to clean masel?"

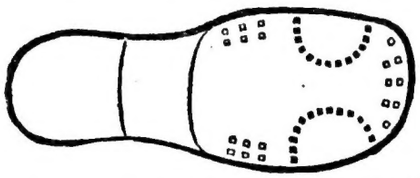
FOR OUR "MIDDLES" COMPETITORS £300 £50 £10 100 of 10s. 80 of 5s.

500 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

(See page 696.)

Behind the scenes at Drury Lane described by Mr. Arthur Collins. See the Christmas PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Now on sale.

The Clue of the Fifty-two Nails



How a Brute, for a Murder at Carlisle, Was Brought to the Gallows.

By JOHN LAURENCE.

THOUGH only three-quarters of a mile away from Carlisle, Dunan Hill is a comparatively lonely spot.

In 1861 it was, of course, more lonely still. That was over fifty years ago, and since then Carlisle has grown. At Dunan Hill the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway crosses the high road.

By the level crossing was a lonely cottage occupied by Mrs. Jane Emmerson, an old widow of over seventy. It was Mrs. Emmerson's duty to look after the gates at the crossing, and to see that the signal lamps were in good working order and lighted properly at night.

The old widow had lived at Dunan Hill for many years, and had gained a reputation for eccentricity and thrift. Many of her neighbours, in fact, openly stated that she had a large hoard of savings in her lonely cottage. And the neighbours did not spread such a rumour without cause, for on more than one occasion the widow had stated that she had saved enough money "to bury her decent with."

The night of Thursday, November 21st, 1861, was very dark. The last train passed Dunan Hill level-crossing at a quarter to ten. The train was up to time and the driver noticed that the signal light just opposite the cottage was burning properly.

Struck Her Savagely with a Stone.

Just after ten that night Mrs. Emmerson left her cottage with a lighted lamp in each hand—the signal lamps which she placed on the crossing gates before she finally closed them for the night.

She was about eight or nine yards from her cottage door when a sound behind her made her turn. Just as she did, so a man rose suddenly out of the darkness with a heavy stone in his hand. Before the old woman had the slightest chance of defending herself the stone struck her with brutal force. The two lamps she was carrying fell out of her lifeless hands, spluttered a moment, and then went out.

Quickly the murderer ran into the cottage and ransacked it. As he came out he stumbled across the body of his victim and heard her groan. The sound seemed to drive him into a frenzy of fear, and savagely he struck at her again and again with the weapon he was carrying.

About half-past five on the morning of the 22nd a platelayer named Blaylock passed the lonely cottage on his way to work. The morning was quite dark, and Blaylock had to strike a light to see what he had stumbled over, just before he reached the gates of the crossing.

It was the body of Mrs. Emmerson lying in a great pool of blood.

Blaylock immediately ran to the station and gave the alarm. The local doctor was summoned, while the Carlisle police were promptly informed of the crime.

Only Footprints as Clues.

The doctor who examined the body of the unfortunate woman found that it was still warm, so that she had not been dead for long. On the crown of her head was a peculiar star-shaped gash, while her face had a number of wounds on it. The wounds were such that Mrs. Emmerson must have lived for some time after being first struck, and had slowly bled to death.

A careful search by the police revealed a number of footprints which practically told the story of the murder. There were quite a large number of these damaging footprints, and all had been made with shoes shod in a peculiar way.

They had been made by someone wearing boots with heavy nails in them, nails which were arranged as in the picture shown in the heading to this column.

That is to say, there was a double row of nails round the sides of the sole, and a semi-circle of nails on each side of the toe. Each semi-circle contained thirteen nails, twenty-six on each boot, fifty-two in all.

Now as to the story these footprints revealed.

They began at a point on the high road on the opposite side of the railway to the cottage. From there they went across the line to the cottage and back again across the railway and back again to the cottage. Those leading *from the cottage* were made by someone taking long strides, while the two tracks leading *to* the cottage had been made by the same person walking slowly.

From these prints it appeared that the murderer had gone up to the cottage to make sure that the old woman was alone, and had then crossed the line and watched till she came out to put up the signal lamps for the night.

Near the body was found a clear footprint in congealed blood. Now if the print had been made in the first instance, immediately the woman had been struck down, and when the blood was in a liquid state, it would have not shown up at all. It was obvious that the murderer had returned some time after he had killed the lonely widow.

The signal lamps were found quite close to the body, showing that Mrs. Emmerson had been attacked when going to the gates. A large stone covered with blood, and an iron pin used for fastening the gates, lying near the body, were the two weapons with which she had been first attacked.

The Murderer Used a Pick-axe.

The widow was known to keep a pick-axe in the back-garden, and it was just such a weapon that would have inflicted the peculiar star-shaped wound on the widow's head. The pick-axe was found under the bed in the cottage. Like the stone and the iron pin, it was splashed with blood.

The pick-axe had been used, after the widow had been knocked unconscious, to force open the cottage door, which the old lady always locked behind her, even if she only went to close the level-crossing gates. The pick-axe exactly filled a number of marks on the broken door.

Some sheets, a ring, a few spoons, and about £7 in money were missing. The motive of the crime was obviously robbery, though the reports of the old woman's wealth, like a good many other reports, had been very much exaggerated. All her worldly wealth was £7—enough "to bury her decent with."

In spite of careful inquiries in the neighbourhood, the police were at a loss for some time to discover the murderer. Not until a month after the crime did they arrest a man named William Charlton.

Charlton, who was an engine-driver, was well-acquainted with Mrs. Emmerson, and had often been to her cottage. As an engine-driver he was also perfectly well aware of the times the various trains passed the cottage, and of the old woman's duties in connection with them.

Two Semi-Circles of Nails Missing!

When Charlton's house was searched, the police discovered a pair of shoes. In the soles of these shoes were found a number of holes, placed in a semi-circle, from which the nails had been drawn! These semi-circles exactly corresponded with those of the footprints round the murdered woman's cottage. The shoes fitted the footprints perfectly, down to every single nail-mark!

Charlton stated that he had accidentally burnt his shoes, and the nails were beginning to drop out. Such an excuse was absurd on the face of it, for why should only the nails in the semi-circles drop out and not the others? Charlton knew, because the fact had been published, that the chief clue in the possession of the police was the peculiar footprint.

But a more damning piece of evidence—one that finally clinched his story as absurd—was discovered by the police. In the slates of the roof of the cottage in which Charlton lived was discovered a small packet.

This packet contained fifty-two nails!

The nails were of the variety known as sparioles. They were not new nails. They had evidently been worn, in a boot or shoe, and had been pulled out, as could be seen by the scratches on them.

Confronted with this evidence, Charlton promptly changed his story.

"I lent my shoes to Tom Robinson, my brother-in-law," he said. "Tom came to me and asked for them as he had got someone particular to see that night, and mine were in a better condition than his boots. I was not wearing them myself, and I lent them to him, and he went away with them on.

"The next day Robinson came to my place and changed back into his own boots. I asked him where he had been and what he had been up to, and he said: 'I have had a d—d good spree!'"

It would have been very much wiser for Charlton to have kept his mouth shut. This statement of his was quickly proved to be absolutely untrue. Thomas Robinson was luckily able to show that he was miles away from Carlisle on the fatal Thursday night.

Charlton came up for trial on February 24th, 1862, at the Carlisle Assizes. I am going to make a point of the defence, because the Crown relied chiefly upon the evidence of the peculiar footprints, and because, after the prisoner had been found guilty, there was a great outcry against the sentence of death being carried out.

Counsel for the defence showed that not a single person had seen the prisoner near the scene of the crime on the night of the murder. He made a point of this because the prosecution suggested that the murderer had waited near the old woman's cottage for some considerable time and, therefore, must have been seen by passers-by, yet no one had seen him.

Charlton had not been arrested for a month after the murder, and he had all that time quietly gone about his work. Surely that was not the conduct of a guilty man, argued Counsel.

Found Guilty after Five Hours.

The nails from the prisoner's shoes might easily have come out because he had burnt them, as he stated. Finally, the defence pointed out that not a single article stolen from the old woman's cottage had been traced to the prisoner.

Despite these arguments, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," though evidently they had their doubts, for they took five hours to do so, and added a strong recommendation for mercy to their verdict. But the defence was not nearly so strong as it appeared on the surface. For one thing, as I have said, the night was a very dark one, and it would have been quite easy for Charlton to hide from anyone passing by. The night was so dark, in fact, that the platelayer who stumbled across the old woman had to strike a match to see what he had fallen over.

Charlton's story of how the nails had come out of his shoes bore the stamp of untruth in the face of it, especially when the nails that had dropped out had been discovered wrapped up in paper and hidden under the slates of his own cottage. If the nails had dropped out naturally, they would have been lost while he was walking about. Certainly they would not wrap themselves up in paper and hide themselves where they did! Finally, the prisoner had already been shown to be a liar by his statement about his brother-in-law.

Charlton's Confession.

The fact that the prisoner had none of the woman's property in his possession was of no importance, because, so great was the hue and cry at the time, that it would be only natural for him to hide it away till the affair had blown over.

Great efforts were made to get the Home Secretary to sign a reprieve, but he refused to interfere. He was right in his decision, for a few days before his execution Charlton wrote out the following confession:—

"I killed old Mother Emmerson outside her cottage as she came to close the gates. I had thought of doing it for some time before. She fell half-stunned after two or three blows with the stone, and then I got in the garden at the back and fetched the pick-axe. I went back and struck her two or three times with the iron pin. I forced my way into the cottage and took the money, as I knew where she kept it. I walked about for a long time afterwards, and then went to the engine-shed, and at twenty minutes to four in the morning I went back to the place and found the old woman dead."

He was hanged at Carlisle Gaol on March 17th, 1862.

(Next week: "The Clue of the Five Yellow Hairs.")

FOUND OUT.

"DID the postman leave any letter, Jane?" the mistress asked, on returning from a visit one afternoon.

"Nothing but a postcard, ma'am."

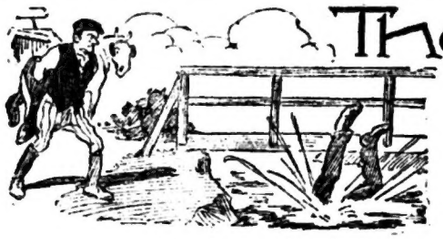
"Who is it from, Jane?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not, but anyone who sends me a postcard is either stupid or impertinent."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl loftily, "but that's a nice way to be talkin' about your own mother."

The best present for your boy this Christmas is a year's subscription to the SCOUT.



The Legacy

The Romance of a Plucky Deed and a Girl with a Little Bit of Money.

By HENRY FRAMPTON.

I.

The fact that Jack Batson was in love with Hilda Williams, who had promised to be his wife and who was shortly to benefit to the extent of one hundred pounds under a legacy from her late mistress, scarcely explained how it was that, whilst observing the habits of waterfowl from the bridge one afternoon, he over-balanced and tumbled into the stream.

The water was fairly deep, and Jack unable to swim, and it is just possible that instead of a wedding there would shortly have been conducted in Podbury a ceremony of quite a different nature, had not Amos Wright witnessed the accident.

Mr. Wright's time was employed in driving people from the railway-station to their respective destinations, and the unsatisfactory salary attached to this occupation had to a great extent destroyed his manhood. His features had the bird-like sharpness and his eyes the hard glitter of the financially unscrupulous. On the other hand, he was an excellent swimmer; and he was entirely unaware that he had performed any action worthy of more than thanks until Jack, shaken and breathless, stood on the bank and all but wrung off his hand.

One realised at once that, with the limp, wet hair dried and properly brushed, and with the lurking fright entirely banished from his eyes, the face of Jack Batson was, despite a certain weakness of the chin, quite prepossessing.

"If I ever get the chance to do you a good turn, Amos," he promised, "you can count on me to do it. I thought I was done for; I shall dream about it for weeks. Dash them water-fowl!"

"Better jump into the carriage," invited Mr. Wright, awkwardly, moving towards the roadway where the vehicle in question was standing; "we've both got to change, and we shall get back quicker."

Jack lived with his mother inside the village in a little villa that was just ten minutes' walk from The Lawn, where Hilda was still in service as a maid to her late mistress's daughter. Amos resided in a room over the erection where the carriage and horse were nightly stabled.

During the drive he was very thoughtful, and as they passed The Lawn he directed a calculating glance at Jack from the corner of his eye. When the two men parted, Jack once more shook his rescuer's hand, and, pausing only to announce to sundry acquaintances the cause of his saturated clothing, he hurried into his mother's house.

* * * * *

It was shortly after tea that Amos paid Jack a visit, ostensibly to learn if he had sustained any ill-effects from his recent immersion in the stream. Jack having earnestly reiterated his expressions of gratitude, Amos sat quiet for awhile and thoughtfully twiddled his thumbs. Mrs. Batson was shopping in the High Street.

"Seeing Miss Williams to-night?" suddenly queried Jack's visitor.

"Taking her to the pictures," responded Jack. "Look here, why don't you come with us? She'll sure to want to thank you for saving my life."

"Just what I was thinking," said Amos, eyeing the other craftily. "You said jest now that if you could do me a good turn you'd do it."

"And I meant it," Jack assured him. "You'll only have to mention it, Amos, and it's as good as done."

Mr. Wright hid a faint grin. His eyes had not left Batson's face since the conversation had taken the new turn.

"I want you to quarrel with Miss Williams!" Amos admitted.

"Quarrel with Hilda! What for?"

Amos did not answer; instead, he shifted his gaze from Jack's startled face.

"D'you mean," demanded Jack, paling, "that—that you like her, and want me to drop out of it!"

"It could be put like that," Wright nodded. As he spoke he gently rubbed the palms of his hands to and fro over his knees, and once stole a quick glance at the other's colourless countenance.

"You know we're as good as engaged?" Jack quietly asked.

"I thought you was engaged," lied Amos, casually.

The silence was pregnant. When Jack broke it his voice sounded unnatural, strangled; in fact, unlike it usually sounded. Amos was momentarily startled by the difference, but quickly regained his composure.

"I promised to do you a good turn," said Jack slowly and at length, "but I didn't think I'd be doing myself a bad one——"

"You promised!" Amos sharply interrupted.

"And I'll keep to my word," Batson assured him. "But I may as well tell you Hilda'll never have you; she ain't that sort."

"Matter of opinion," Wright retorted, rising. "What with you quarrelling with her, and what with my bravery this afternoon, I think I stand a fairish chance, provided that hundred pounds ain't turned her head."

"I suppose that's why—" Jack ground out, when he broke off. In place of finishing his remark, he rose and held open the door as a hint for the other to depart.

"Don't trouble about my feelings," grinned Wright, as he paused on the doorstep. "You must cheer up; there's better fish in the sea than ever come out of it."

Jack restrained his anger. There was a fullness in his throat that would have rendered speech both difficult and undignified.

II.

The state of the unfortunate man's mind when he set out that evening to call on Miss Hilda Williams may be best indicated by the fact that the ten minutes' walk to The Lawn occupied him thirty minutes to cover. Hilda was waiting for him; and something either in his face or bearing at once struck her as peculiar.

She was a good-looking girl, with a generally impulsive manner and an unusually high colour. To most people, perhaps, her little mannerisms of glance and speech might have appeared affected, but to her lover they seemed most charming and natural—which made the odious task before him no less unsavoury and difficult than he already deemed it.

"What's the matter?" she asked, as they started forth.

"Matter?" said Jack gruffly. "What makes you think as anything's the matter?"

"Nothing much," returned Hida, looking straight in front of her. "I just asked; that's all."

As a matter of fact, the usual kiss with which he was wont to greet her had that evening been missing. This disturbed and also disappointed her. Until they came to a halt before the glaring façade of the Podbury Picture Palace, she preserved a brooding silence.

Here they were immediately accosted by Amos Wright, who was resplendent in his best suit of clothes, an uncomfortable collar, and a tie of hideous design. He greeted Batson with a great show of cordiality, and smiled as engagingly as possible at Hilda's unconscious profile.

"You've seen Mr. Wright before, Hilda," said Jack, with a feeble attempt at enthusiasm. "He saved my life this afternoon; I thought p'r'aps you'd have heard."

"Saved your life!" echoed Hilda, turning quickly. "No; I hadn't heard about it. You never said anything. Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was nothing much," put in Amos slowly, gazing straight past the girl's head. "He fell off the bridge jest outside the village, and, being as I was driving by at the time, I pulled him out of the water. I had a bit of a struggle, owing to me not being much of a swimmer, but I meant to save him or else—or else——"

"Why didn't you tell me, Jack?" repeated Hilda sharply.

"It was nothing much," replied Jack, unconsciously echoing his rescuer's words. "I daresay I could have struggled to the side if Amos hadn't happened by."

This base indication of ingratitude on the part of her lover had the effect of turning the girl's sympathies for a space from him to Amos. At the same time she was sorely puzzled.

"Did he fall in," she asked Wright, "or—or jump?"

"Don't be silly!" growled Batson. "I told you I fell in. Ain't my word good enough for you since you come into that hundred pound?"

Hilda reddened swiftly and then became white.

"Go easy, Batson!" expostulated Amos smugly.

For a second it seemed as though Jack would forget his part. His fists tightened, and he glared at Amos with a ferocity that caused him to recede a pace or so. Next moment, and to the great relief of his rival, Jack recollected his pose.

"I don't think you're well to-night, Jack," suggested Hilda, wonderingly. "You're upset. not go home and go to bed early? We can pictures any night."

Jack sneered. "Well, I can take a hint as most people can," he averred; and, turning on his heel, he strode away, leaving the other watching with very different emotions his monious departure.

It was Amos who spoke first.

"P'r'aps you'll let me see you home?" he "I'm sorry about, Jack."

"No, thank you," returned Hilda curtly. there's no need to be sorry about Mr. Batson."

So saying, she moved away from the glare of lighted building into the darkness of the street, so in the direction of The Lawn. Amos pa shrugged his shoulders, and went away at a tang

III.

By profession Jack was a jobbing gardener. attended at various residences irrespective of and distance. Thus it was that he saw nothi either of Amos or Hilda for two days. But on evening of the second day after his "quarrel" the girl, he encountered Amos—on the bridge was such a convenient spot for studying the hab of water-fowl.

He would have passed by, had not Wright stopp him.

"I suppose you think it smart?" opened Am with a sneer. "No wonder you was so willing quarrel with Hilda Williams."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Batson. "Y know very well why I fell out with Hilda Willi And, while I think of it, if you ever see me in dan again, I'll ask you to kindly pass by and let me b

"That's all very well," rejoined Amos Wrig "D'you mean to tell me as you never got wi of it?"

"Got wind of what?"

"D'you mean to say," Amos inquired distinctly, "that you ain't heard as how the lawyers have m a mistake?"

"Lawyers made a mistake? Which lawyers? What about?"

"About Hilda Williams' legacy," said Amos.

Jack stared at him fixedly. "It's the first I've heard of it," he averred, "and I'm right down sorry to hear of it, too. Not that it's got anything to do with me now, so good-day," he finished.

"Not so fast," enjoined Amos. "It puts a different light on matters. If so be you want to patch it up with Hilda Williams, now's your time. My conscience won't let me interfere between you."

"You're a nice one, Amos Wright!" Jack angrily informed him. "For two pins I'd set about you. As it is, you'd better clear off before I forget as you pulled me out of the river."

Amos hesitated for the fraction of a minute, and then backed away.

Jack turned and strolled away until the dusk hid him from the other's sight; then he put up his elbows and sprinted for The Lawn.

* * * * *

The new mistress of The Lawn was evidently inclined to leniency. At all events, Hilda was excused her evening duties for the second time that week. When the girl discovered who it was that wanted her, she was at first inclined to refuse to see him; but so insistent were Jack's messages *via* the blushing scullery-maid, that Hilda eventually asked for and obtained leave of absence.

"I'm sorry about what I said the other night," began Jack, when Hilda and he were alone.

"What was wrong?" she demanded. "You were just like a bear with a sore head."

"I know I was," admitted Batson, humbly, and straightway related to her all that had passed between Amos and himself.

"Well, I never!" commented the astonished girl. "I always have disliked Amos Wright. It wouldn have been any good of him trying to."

"That's what I told him," replied the secretly gratified young man.

"I'm sorry about the mistake the lawyers made," he continued gravely. "But cheer up: p'r'aps the young woman'll leave you a bit—in time for our old age!"

"Lawyers are as liable to make mistakes as anyone else," returned Hilda; "but I don't see what you've got to be sorry about."

"Why, about you losing all that money," Batson explained.

"Me? I haven't lost any money!" Hilda informed him.

"But it's—it's got about that the lawyers have made a mistake!" persisted Batson.

"So they have—they said I'd been left a hundred pounds," said Hilda; "but I've had a letter to say it's a hundred-and-fifty."

"Well, I'm blest!" ejaculated Hilda's lover, and astonished the passers-by with a roar of laughter. "Come along home to tea with me, and we'll go to see them pictures on the strength of it!"

A new series by Harry Graham, "The Complete Sportsman," will make you laugh. See the Christmas PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

£500 FOR FOOTBALLERS. £500

Waiting to be Won THIS WEEK.

No Goals. No Entry Fee. You may Send as Many Attempts as You Like.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 3rd.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave in names of both teams.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is **£500**, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Black ink only must be used. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either. Any entry form on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.
2. Names and addresses also must be written in black ink in the space provided. Any coupon not fulfilling these conditions will be disqualified.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 17" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive not later than first post, **Friday, January 2nd.**
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of **£500** will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided amongst the successful competitors. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, **£50** will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided amongst the successful competitors.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Owing to the intervention of the Xmas holidays the matches on this week's coupon take place on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, and the closing date is, therefore, Friday, Jan. 2nd. The coupon opposite will appear again next week.

PEARSON'S FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 17

Matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 3rd.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Bolton Wanderers (2)	v. Manchester United (1)
Chelsea (1)	v. Oldham Athletic (1)
Derby County (5)	v. Tottenham Hotspur (0)
Everton (0)	v. Newcastle United (6)
Manchester City (3)	v. Sheffield United (0)
Sheffield Wed. (—)	v. Burnley (—)
Birmingham (—)	v. Notts County (—)
Blackpool (0)	v. Barnsley (1)
Bristol City (0)	v. Bradford (0)
Lincoln City (0)	v. Bury (1)
Notts Forest (5)	v. Hull City (0)
Woolwich Arsenal (—)	v. Wolverh'mpt'n W. (—)
Coventry City (2)	v. Portsmouth (0)
Crystal Palace (2)	v. Millwall Athletic (0)
Gillingham (2)	v. Northampton (1)
Merthyr Town (0)	v. Queen's Park R. (0)
Plymouth Argyle (3)	v. Swindon (1)
Reading (2)	v. Exeter City (2)

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The figures which follow the names of the clubs denote the number of goals scored in the corresponding match last season. Where no figures are given the clubs did not meet.

£300 is the FIRST PRIZE for MIDDLES

After you've filled up your Football Coupon above turn to page 696 and win a "Middles" prize.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

How the First Leaguers Have Fared During the First Three Months.

THE first three months of the present football season have already departed into the limbo of the past, and we find the question of the League Championship still a very open matter.

Blackburn Rovers top the table, but their position is by no means secure. Before these lines are published they may have given place to Manchester United or Bolton Wanderers, for the Rovers only hold pride of place by reason of the fact that they have played one game more than their immediate followers up.

West Bromwich Albion, Sunderland, and Bradford City are also in close attendance on the leaders, and are only waiting to take advantage of any slips made by the top-notchers.

Profit and Loss Account.

The present time is a convenient period to take stock of League matters, for soon we shall be in the throes of the Cup-ties, and all the excitement connected with the great national competition.

For convenience of comparison we have taken the corresponding number of matches last season:

Gains.	Pts.	Losses.	Pts.
Tottenham Hotspur	8	Manchester City	10
Manchester United	6	Sheffield Wednesday	8
Chelsea	5	Aston Villa	7
Sunderland	4	Derby County	6
Sheffield United	3	Oldham Athletic	3
Bradford City	2	Newcastle	3

Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, West Bromwich Albion, and Middlesbrough are all one point better off, but Everton have dropped two points and Liverpool one.

Taking Burnley for Woolwich Arsenal we find they are nine points better off than the Gunners were at this time last year, but Preston North End are in exactly the same position as Notts County were.

The two Sheffield and the two Liverpool clubs cannot very well throw stones at one another, for they each have the same number of points to their credit.

The London First Leaguers are in a much better position than last year, and if they can only continue to pick up a few points extra in their remaining matches may finish up in a fairly respectable position in the table.

The two Manchester clubs have changed positions. Last year the "Citizens" were at the top and the "United" were hovering very near the foot of the League ladder. Now the "United" are challenging the leaders, while the "Citizens" are in the danger zone.

The Cupholders, Aston Villa, are experiencing a bad time, but it is fairly safe to state that they will be nearer the top than the bottom of the table before the season is finished. Although it is a truism that there is nothing more certain than the uncertainty of football, yet no one would like to see Aston Villa figuring in the Second Division.

A particular glamour surrounds the Aston Villa club, for they are one of the three clubs who were members of the League at its inauguration in 1888, and who have never suffered relegation to the Second Division. The two other clubs who share this great distinction with the "Villans" are Blackburn Rovers and Everton.

The Rovers are playing in really fine form this season, and although they had to bow the knee to Bolton Wanderers recently at Burnden Park, they have occupied the head of the table for practically the whole of the present season, and will take a lot of shifting.

Their defeat at Bolton was not very surprising, for the Wanderers are a most formidable combination at home this season, only losing one game out of eight, and only getting five goals put up against them. The fight between these stalwarts of the game was the best ever seen at Burnden Park, and it was conducted in a fair and sportsmanlike manner. Over 55,000 witnessed the game, and it was fitting to the occasion that it made an easy record for the ground.

Some Interesting Local Derbies.

Our Coupon this week deals with the games which will be played on January 3rd. and it will also appear in our next issue. We will therefore reserve our comments on these matches till next week. But there are so many important engagements on the last Saturday of 1913 that a few remarks concerning some of them may be interesting to our readers.

First, and perhaps foremost, is the "great fite" at St. James's Park, between Newcastle United and Sunderland. In the past four seasons Newcastle have alternated two wins with two drawn games. It will be remembered that the "Wearsiders" defeated the "Magpies" at Newcastle, in the fourth round of the Cup last season, after two drawn games. Sunderland should win again.

Londoners will also have their local Derbies, for Tottenham and Chelsea meet at White Hart Lane, and Fulham and Clapton Orient at Craven Cottage. Given a fine day, the holding capacity of each ground will be taxed to the utmost.

Chelsea are playing really fine footer of late, and they have not forgotten the packet which the perky "Cockspur" served up to them at Stamford Bridge on September 6th. That score has got to be wiped off the slate, and the "Pensioners" will have a try at it on December 27th. Some games which promise tremendous struggles have a knack of fizzling out when the day arrives, but this occasion is not likely to be one of them.

The match at Craven Cottage makes the seventh engagement there between Fulham and Clapton Orient. The "Cottagers" have not tasted victory in the last five games, but considering the way they "wiped the floor" with Woolwich Arsenal in November last, they may have another surprise up their sleeve for the "Orientals." Hugall, however, smiles a knowing smile at the bare suggestion.

Lancashire's Day Out.

Matches between Lancashire clubs are always interesting. First, there is the meeting of Oldham Athletic and Bolton Wanderers. They have only met during the last three seasons—once in the Second Division and twice in the First, the last two matches at Boundary Park resulting in a victory apiece. The Oldham men have something to avenge, however, for they were beaten at Bolton this season by 6—2. Men of Bolton, beware!

Blackburn Rovers journey to Liverpool to meet the "Anfielders." Their search after points on Merseyside has not been very fruitful in recent years, for they have only won one of the last four games played there, although they managed to divide four goals in 1910-11.

Preston North End cross swords with Everton at Deepdale, and neither club has done much to write home about this season. Quite the best thing the homesters have done is their 4—1 defeat of Middlesbro', but Everton have generally done well at Preston.

RESULT of FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 13

Matches played on Saturday, Nov. 29th.

IN this contest the prize of £100 has been divided amongst the following competitors, each of whom sent in a coupon containing fifteen correct results:

H. BOWKER, 21 St. Stephen Street, Salford, Manchester.

W. GILHAM, Northcote, Highfield Road, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

E. H. DIXON, 1 Venue Street, Bromley, E.

WOMEN WHO HELP STATESMEN.

Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Many Other Politicians are Assisted by their Wives or Daughters.

MISS OLWEN LLOYD GEORGE, eldest daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just become Press-cutter-in-chief to her father.

Diligently every day she applies herself to the self-imposed task of searching newspapers, periodicals, and magazines for references to Mr. Lloyd George, making her cuttings, and classifying them in easily get-at-able order.

It is naturally hard work for a girl of twenty-one.

Mr. Lloyd George must be just about the most written of public man of the day, but it is not the first time Miss Olwen has "helped" her father.

A year or two ago someone who was evidently seriously annoyed with the Chancellor threw a box at him.

Miss Lloyd George was with him on this occasion, and she promptly set herself to defend him from any further outrage.

"I just sat next to father after that in case anything else was thrown at him," she explained in the most matter-of-fact way afterwards.

Mr. Lloyd George is very happy in his children, for, besides his eldest daughter, there is Megan. When she was only eight Megan conducted an election campaign so earnestly in the Carnarvon boroughs that they called it "Megan's Campaign."

She Made Speeches in Welsh.

Not content with motoring all over the place with her mother, she actually made little speeches of her own in Welsh! One day she asked an old man, "Please will you vote for father?"

"Indeed I will. But you must give me a kiss first," he said jokingly.

"Ah," replied Megan gravely, "ah, but that would be bribery and corruption, wouldn't it?"

Although she is only eleven years old, Miss Megan has already declared a crèche for fifty babies at Pentonville "open," and once, in explaining her absence from the opening of a bazaar, her father wrote as follows:

"She is helping me to get well. Her cheerful presence is better than any physic."

In another way Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once paid an equally charming tribute to the value of his wife's influence on him. In one of his rare moments of public confidence he said of Mrs. Chamberlain:

"She has sustained me by her courage and cheered me by her gracious companionship, and I have found her my best and truest counsellor."

No statesman could have paid a higher compliment to a woman than that.

But, then, Mrs. Chamberlain is an exceptional woman. "I am going to the United States to marry one of those American girls whose deportation you once so strongly urged in my hearing," Mr. Chamberlain once wrote to Lady Dorothy Nevill.

Mrs. Winston Helps the First Lord.

"You said, 'I like the Americans very well, but there are two things I wish they would keep to themselves—their girls and their tinned lobster.' I am prepared to give up the lobster, so you must be prepared to take the girl."

Lady Dorothy Nevill did "take the girl." "She is the most charming woman imaginable," she confided after meeting her.

Mrs. Winston Churchill is well known to be one of the most active of feminine influences behind the political scenes. She takes a most practical and enthusiastic interest in the First Lord's work, and, whether he is inspecting docks or experimenting in naval air-craft, "Mrs. Winston" is more often than not with him or else close at hand.

Will Crooks is another politician blessed with womenfolk not merely content to be exploited and put "on show" at election time. In Mrs. Crooks, for instance—"the missus," as he calls her—he has a most valuable helper, a woman who not only organises a club for poor working girls, but who is quite capable of making a speech "off her own bat" on occasions.

Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, and others employ women as their confidential secretaries, too, and so altogether, despite what the Suffragettes may say, women undoubtedly do have a good deal to do with the inside of Parliamentary matters.

Mems About "Movies"

A Few Chatty Paragraphs Concerning New Films and the People Who Make Them.

Doctor in Attendance.

A WEST END of London picture theatre keeps a fully qualified doctor in attendance for the benefit of visitors and the staff.

Ex-Sailor.

BARON FASSINI, chief of the Cines company of Rome, and the man who made "Quo Vadis?" possible, was an officer in the Italian Navy before he entered the film business.

To the Arctic.

RONALD AMUNDSEN, the famous Norwegian discoverer of the South Pole, will take a moving-picture camera and equipment with him on his Arctic expedition next year.

Film Secrets.

AN actor was hurried out of a famous film studio recently, having been caught prying round certain sections of the building in an attempt to learn secret processes of film-developing, drying, and printing, to carry away to a rival company.

Midget Plays.

ONE of the Christmas photo-plays this year is entitled "The War of the Liliputians," and is acted entirely by midgets, the tallest member of the company measuring thirty-eight-and-a-half inches and the shortest, twenty-two inches. The plot is something like "Gulliver's Travels."

Uproar in Theatre.

WHEN a burlesque Suffragette film entitled "The Hunger Strike" was being shown at a London hall the other day, various feminine members of the audience stood up in various parts of the hall and protested. Some of the spectators applauded, and then one of the supposed Suffragettes made a speech.

Names on the Title.

A MOVEMENT is on foot amongst the American artistes who play minor parts in photo-plays that their names, as well as those of the principal players, should be included in the film title. They are sending "round robins" to the film manufacturers, suggesting that their wishes should be complied with, but as exhibitors are averse to long film titles they are not likely to gain their point.

Rival Advertising.

COMPETITIVE advertising by two theatres in the same locality is often very amusing. At one theatre in Liverpool recently the star attraction was the film entitled "Satan," and leaflets were distributed announcing that "Everybody is going to 'Satan' at the ——." Promptly the opposition hall came out with: "Our pictures, our piano, our cosiness are worth sharing! Everybody is coming to Paradise. Book single tickets."

"The British Army."

THE great film of British Army life is now completed, and was shown to Queen Alexandra in the ballroom at Sandringham as a birthday surprise. Upwards of 25,000 officers and men appear in the film, which was made by Messrs. Keith Prowse & Company under the sanction of the Army Council. Tommy Atkins in peace and war is faithfully shown, and the Council say the pictures should "prove of great interest to all who see them, and will also benefit the Army by educating the public to a proper understanding of the true life of a soldier."

Something for Children

FREE!

Here is a sketch of one of the many picturesque little

RAG DOLLS

one of which is being

Given Away

inside every copy of the

Special Children's Number

of

HOME NOTES

(On Sale, Monday, Dec. 22.)

EVERY CHILD WILL APPRECIATE IT

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WHERE THE CLERGY ARE TRIED.

A Graphic and Enlightening Pen Picture of a Typical Consistory Court.

HIGH up on a dais sits the Chancellor of the Diocese, clad in robes of scarlet trimmed with ermine, and wearing a full-bottomed wig.

On either side are the assessors or assistants attired in ordinary morning dress. These gentlemen, county magnates and the like, are often consulted by the scarlet-clothed centre-piece of the picture. But really only as an act of courtesy. For the Chancellor is greatly learned in the law generally, and in ecclesiastical law in particular.

Below him are arranged various officials, including an official shorthand writer who takes down every word that is spoken.

Facing him are a number of keen-faced counsel interested in the guilt or innocence of the black-coated figure, haggard-faced, and care-laden, occupying a seat next to his solicitor.

The barristers do not wear wigs or gowns. The "prisoner" does not stand in a dock. Yet there is a truly subdued and dignified legal atmosphere about the Court. It is held in a beautiful oak-panelled chamber. Rich banners hang from the lofty roof. A fire burns brightly.

Such roughly is the Consistory Court where clergymen are tried for certain offences outside the actual scope of criminal jurisprudence.

Is Their Vicar Innocent or Guilty?

The procedure from beginning to end resembles in some measure the hearing of a case in the Law Courts.

When the Chancellor and his assessors have taken their seats an ecclesiastical official reads out particulars of the charge. Then counsel on behalf of the prosecution, wigless and gownless, unlike his learned brother in the courts mentioned, rises and lucidly sets out the allegations against the clergyman arraigned.

Witness follows witness in the orthodox manner, and there is the usual cross-examination and re-examination; and eventually counsel on either side—or the accused man if he is defending himself—address the Chancellor and his assessors.

And on the oak benches sit churchwardens, sidesmen, vergers, and parishioners, listening in open-mouthed wonderment to the apparently never-ending stream of eloquence. Their faces are tense and drawn. Their bodies are set and rigid.

Not a single point in the previous evidence has been missed. The contending factions—those parishioners who believe their vicar guilty and those who are convinced of his innocence—have smiled or drawn long faces when a point in their favour has been made.

No Sentence Is Pronounced.

But with the coming of counsel's speeches a different atmosphere seems to pervade the court. The hush is stilled. A door opened to admit a messenger boy to one of the reporters whose description of the momentous trial is being flashed all over the country, may creak irritatingly, and is followed by a chorus of subdued "hushes."

At last the final word has been spoken. Then, and only then, is there a rustle of expectancy. The curious public think the Chancellor of the ermine-trimmed robes will sum up after the fashion of a civil or a criminal judge. But no word falls from his lips.

He and his colleagues retire through a small door.

Minute after minute passes. Everybody is speculating in subdued tones as to what the verdict will be.

Finally, however, the tension is relaxed. Enter the scarlet-clad Chancellor, followed by his grave-faced assessors.

Slowly, deliberately, they take their seats. The Chancellor announces the findings of the Court. And the one haunting word "Guilty" rings in the ears of the public. The rest does not matter. Their vicar is unworthy of his cloth.

Then they crane their necks forward eagerly to hear the sentence. But again they are disappointed. No sentence is pronounced. All they gather from the imposing figure high up on the dais is that the findings of the Court will be reported to the Bishop.

For it is left to his lordship to order the guilty vicar to be unfrocked, to deprive him of his benefice, or impose any other punishment suitable to the case.

"The Prison of Watching Eyes," by Hesketh Prichard, is a fine story in the Christmas ROYAL.

"Forgive Us Our Trespasses"

The Story of a Long-Waited-For Revenge, and the Tragedy It Brought to An Innocent Girl.

By LADBROKE BLACK, *Author of "The House of the Stranger," "The Blackmailer," "Treachery," and others.*

IT HAS JUST BEEN TOLD

how Steve Langford, the only man who knows that John Steele pushed Major Matlock into the river at Deeping Ferry, believing him to have betrayed his sister Maggie, whereas he was really her lawful husband, runs his quarry to earth at the cotton town of Maitland, in Lancashire.

Maitland is now practically owned by Sir James Matlock, who inherited the property on the mysterious death of Major Matlock. Steele takes up his position there as John Lawless, and poses as the father of his sister's child, Mary, who works in one of the mills.

Mary has a wonderful voice, which will make her name and fortune, and the price of Langford's silence is that he be allowed to marry her.

Steele is forced to agree to the blackmailer's terms, although Mary is in love with the Rev. Frank Gascoyne, the young vicar of Maitland.

Before the marriage, Langford informs Sir James Matlock's daughter, Esther, that Mary Lawless, as the daughter of Major Matlock, is really the owner of the Matlock estates.

In exchange for the marriage certificate of the Major and Maggie Steele, Esther gives him the Matlock pearls.

A few days later the wedding takes place. No sooner has the Rev. Frank Gascoyne performed the ceremony than a detective enters the church to arrest Langford for stealing the pearls.

Langford escapes!

You can now read on.

CHAPTER VI.

"I'll Send You to the Gallows!"

AFTER all he had had to endure, Frank Gascoyne felt stunned and dazed. Not ten minutes before he had joined in holy wedlock the woman whom he loved to the man for whom a warrant was out for the theft of the Matlock pearls. Those few minutes had been pregnant with Fate. Had the police but timed their intended arrest a little earlier he would have been spared the misery of seeing Mary become the wife of Steve Langford.

"Why didn't you come earlier?" he burst out, addressing the disappointed detective. "Why did you leave the arrest of your man until now?"

"Couldn't get the warrant, sir," replied the detective. "The information we had never came into our hands until too late. I assure you we wasted no time."

He stopped speaking as Sir James Matlock, very red in the face, came strutting into the vestry, followed by his daughter.

"Well," he said, "have you caught the scoundrel?"

The detective had to explain what had taken place, and the baronet's face grew apoplectic with rage.

"Confounded carelessness!" he exclaimed. "You had the man here perfectly safe, and you let him get away. What steps have you taken to have him traced?"

"I have sent the constable who was with me to warn the inspector, Sir James. The station will be watched, and the description of the man will be telephoned to every village within an area of a hundred miles. We're bound to catch him sooner or later."

The baronet snorted contemptuously.

"And meanwhile the pearls will be pawned. Confound it, man, don't you know they are worth seven thousand pounds? What is it you want, Esther?"

His daughter had moved forward and touched him on the arm.

"Where is this wretched girl—the bride?" she said. "And her father? It was evidently a conspiracy between the three of them."

Everybody looked round startled. There was no sign of John Lawless or his daughter. Gascoyne turned upon Esther Matlock, his face, for all its pale masklike sternness, expressing the passions that were seething in his soul.

"What right have you to say that, Miss Matlock? What right have you to associate the girl's name with this crime? You know, or you ought to know, that she is incapable of even being an accessory to the act."

"Oh, you're an interested advocate, Mr. Gascoyne," replied Esther. "I'm afraid I hold a different opinion. And at any rate, I'm going to leave nothing untried to recover my pearls."

Malice prompted Esther Matlock's action. Her father, noticing that she was not wearing her pearls, had inquired about them, and at last, driven into a corner, she had taken a bold step. She had declared they had been stolen and that she suspected Langford, whom, now that the marriage certificate was destroyed, she no longer feared. By accusing him of the theft she had hoped to recover her gems, and, what she cared more for, strike a blow at Mary Lawless. She had held back the story of her suspicions until that morning, planning the humiliation of her rival at the moment when she had become the wife of Steve Langford, and now she had no intention of foregoing one particle of her cruel triumph.

"It might be wise to arrest both the girl and her father on suspicion," she said, turning to the detective. "Sir James is a magistrate, and can give you the necessary authority."

The detective was about to reply when Gascoyne held up his hand, commanding silence.

"Hasn't this poor child suffered enough already that you need misuse the authority, with which you are entrusted, to persecute her farther?"

He turned towards Sir James, speaking with passion.

"You are a candidate for the representation of Maitland, Sir James. The electors belong, for the most part, to the working classes. I ask you, is your popularity with them likely to be enhanced by the persecution of this poor girl, whom they all know, and whom they will all pity? And be sure, Sir James, that if you act as your daughter has suggested, I will use *my* authority to proclaim the iniquity far and wide."

Sir James coughed nervously. He realised the truth of the clergyman's remarks. To deliberately set the law in motion against Mary would estrange a large body of those voters on whom he depended for becoming the member for Maitland.

"Of course, I shall take no steps, Mr. Gascoyne," he stammered. "The matter has been placed in the hands of the police, and they will know how to act. Where are you going, Mr. Gascoyne?" he added nervously.

The young clergyman had taken off his surplice, and, seizing his hat, had moved towards the door.

"I'm going to this poor girl to protect her and comfort her," he said.

"I trust your ministrations will be purely clerical," broke in Esther Matlock, with a laugh. "Pray remember, Mr. Gascoyne, she is now Mrs. Steve Langford."

He made no sign that he had heard her cruel words, but walked straight from the vestry. A small crowd had gathered outside in the churchyard, and they made way for him as he strode down the path, his handsome face cold and hard set.

"The vicar's taken on about this," murmured one old woman, looking after his retreating figure.

"I've always thought he was sweet on the lass himself," answered her companion. "It's a hard, cruel thing to happen to the poor bonny Mary."

Gascoyne made his way through the town direct to the cottage. The door was open, and, receiving no reply to his knock, he walked in. The parlour was deserted. He went upstairs. The rooms were all empty, and the signs of disorder told only too plainly that the occupants of the cottage had packed in haste and gone away. He went back into the parlour and, dropping in a chair by the table, buried his face in his hands. Mary was lost to him—she was another's wife—the wife of an outlaw—and it seemed to him that all the light had gone out of his life. Even his intention of helping her—of standing by her side and devoting himself unselfishly to her protection—even this solace was denied him.

While Gascoyne had been talking to the detective in the vestry, John Steele had seized Mary's arm and quietly drawn her from the church. The attempted arrest of Steve Langford had wakened a tumult of conflicting emotions within his breast. If Langford escaped and succeeded in avoiding the police, it might be possible to put an end to the condition of terror in which he himself lived. On the other hand, if he was arrested he might, in order to get a portion of his sentence remitted, relate what he knew about the death of Major Matlock. In either case, flight—instant flight—was the obvious course. He must get away from Maitland and hide himself where Steve Langford could never find him again.

He hurried his daughter in her wedding garments—that seemed now such a mockery—through a small gate at the far end of the church, thereby avoiding the crowd of idle sightseers. A cab came crawling by; he hailed it and told the man to drive quickly to the cottage. Once there it took him but a few moments to get together some clothes, and pack his papers and money. Under the spur of his urgency, Mary, despite her dazed and wretched state of mind, changed her dress. Within a few minutes they were back again in the cab, and on their way to the station. The London express steamed in as they drove up, and they had just time to get their tickets and take their places before it started southwards.

About half a mile from Maitland the train slowed down to a stop, and then after a few seconds proceeded on its way. Mary, staring out of the window, had a vision of a man creeping up the embankment. She saw him, as it were, with unseeing eyes, her heart so heavy within her that she was unconscious of her surroundings. The roar and the rattle of the wheels seemed to chant an appropriate dirge to her misery, and she asked no questions as to where they were going or why they were going, but lay listlessly back in her seat.

A sudden cry from John Steele awakened her about an hour later from her state of apathy. Looking round, she saw a man quickly slide back the panel of the corridor carriage and enter the compartment, and as she saw him it seemed to her that the summit of her wretchedness must have been reached. It was Steve Langford, his face and hands covered with dirt and his clothes stained with mud and dust.

"You!" exclaimed John Steele in a choking voice.

"I was hanging about on the embankment, waiting for a goods train, when the express slowed down," Langford whispered hoarsely. "The first bit of luck I've had to-day. And I saw Mary in the window. But this is no time for explanations. Give me some clothes—quick, do you hear?"

Like an automaton, John Steele rose, and, taking his bag from the rack, handed Langford what he demanded. With the bundle in his arm Langford made his way down the corridor to the lavatory at the end. When he returned five minutes later his appearance had changed so as to be almost unrecognisable.

"Now," he said, "give me some money," and as John Steele counted some gold into his hand, he added, with a sneer: "So you were decamping, were you? Thought to give me the go-by, did you? Well, just you be careful and don't try any of your tricks when we get to London. I'm going to leave you now in case they may be watching you to get at me, but we meet again at St. Chads Hotel, Euston Road. Remember the address, and just see you go there."

As he disappeared John Steele sank back against the cushions with a groan. Mary bent forward as if to ask him a question, but, seeing the grey misery and terror in his face, she held her tongue. What was the use of probing her father's wounds? That he was absolutely at the mercy of Steve Langford was obvious, and the why or wherefor of it she dared not ask.

As the train sped southward her brain began to clear. She realised that her father was hopelessly in the hands of this man—that he had fled from Maitland solely with the desire of escaping from him for good and all. And now a cruel chance had thrown them together once again. How could she rid herself and her father of this incubus? She could go to the police, of course, but she shrunk from that. After all, Langford, though she loathed him, had become her husband that very day. She could not betray him. The only alternative was to frighten him away, and to do that she must have help.

By the time the train drew up at the next stopping-place she had formed a resolution. There was only one man in the world whom she could absolutely trust, on whose help she could rely. She made an excuse of wanting to buy a paper, and, slipping from the carriage, hastened to the station telegraph office.

"The Rev. F. Gascoyne, Vicarage, Maitland.

"St. Chads Hotel, Euston Road. Come here and help me."

She put no name to the wire. He would understand, and it would be safer, if the police were on the watch,

A feast of fiction good and rare Is the NOVEL'S Christmas fare.

not to give any indication as to the sender of the telegram.

It was seven o'clock when the train at last reached London. Besides the porters on the platform there were several quietly dressed men who seemed to examine the passengers with great care. They themselves were passed over unnoticed, and they drove at once to the address given by Langford.

St. Chads Hotel was a dirty, glorified, tenth-rate boarding house. Mary was shown to her room by a slatternly maid, and once there she locked the door and sat down to think. It would be three hours before Gascoyne could come to her, and until then she determined not to go outside. John Steele came and knocked at the door, begging her to eat some dinner, but she declined on the grounds that she was not hungry. Twice the handle was tried, and she heard the voice of Steve Langford. She made no answer to him, keeping silent, her heart in her mouth.

It was after half-past ten when there was another knock, and this time the maid's voice spoke to her.

"There's a gentleman to see you, miss," she whispered through the keyhole. "A clergyman. He wants to speak to you at once."

Mary rose quickly, and, opening the door, went out into the passage.

"The gentleman's down in the hall," the maid said.

As she descended the flight of dirty steps Gascoyne's tall figure rose from a chair and came eagerly towards her.

"Mary," he said—and there was a note of pathetic joy in his voice—"thank you for sending for me! Thank you for trusting me!"

She was hard put to it to keep her emotions under control.

"My father and Mr. Langford are upstairs," she said in a low voice. "Mr. Langford has some hold over my father. He forced me to this marriage; he compelled me to become his wife in name, but I am determined never to be anything more."

She could read the pain and passion in his eyes, and she went on hurriedly:

"You're the only person I could trust. This man is in fear of the police. I don't want to betray him into their hands, but if you went to him your very presence would frighten him away, and then my father could escape."

"I am here to do whatever you want, Mary," he answered simply. "If you will take me to this man I think I can guarantee that he sha'n't trouble you any further."

John Steele had engaged a private sitting-room on the first floor. It was to this apartment that Mary led Gascoyne. The door was locked, but at the sound of her voice asking for admittance, it was opened hastily. Frank Gascoyne stalked calmly into the room, and at the sight of his tall, athletic figure and his stern face, Steve Langford, who was lying stretched on a sofa on the far side, sprang to his feet.

"You have betrayed me!" he cried out, turning on John Steele. "You cur, but you shall answer for it!"

Mary was too late to avert the blow. It fell with all its force on the skull of the defenceless man, and, with a groan, Frank Gascoyne fell, like a log, to the floor.

As John Steele looked in terror at the man, Mary stepped forward.

"My father knew nothing of this!" she cried. "It was I who sent for Mr. Gascoyne."

Langford was fumbling in the pocket of his coat, and as she spoke he drew a long, glittering knife, and with this in his hand, he came slowly towards Gascoyne.

"Stand out of my way!" he whispered. "Do you think I'm going to be taken by an infernal sky-pilot?"

Gascoyne waited calmly until he was two feet distant from him, and then suddenly his left arm went out like a flash of lightning and his hand closed on the man's wrist. The next instant the knife had dropped to the floor. With a cry of rage, Langford flung himself on the clergyman, and the two men grappled in a deadly embrace.

"Steele, curse you," gasped Langford, "if you don't help me I'll send you to the gallows!"

Mary, as if in a dream, saw her father look about him, and then, rushing to the fireplace, seize the poker. Without a moment's hesitation he went behind Gascoyne, and raised the weapon above his head. Mary leapt forward with a cry, but she was too late to avert the blow. It fell with all its force on the skull of the defenceless man, and with a groan Frank Gascoyne fell like a log to the floor

CHAPTER VII.

Homeless and Penniless.

THERE was a silence of consternation, broken by a hoarse laugh as Steve Langford jumped over the body of Gascoyne and rushed to the door.

"You've done it this time, Steele!" he cried. "The best thing you can do is to cut it quick. I'm off!"

He was out of the room, and had closed the door behind him, before Steele could utter a word. Mary had sunk down on her knees on the floor and was trying to raise the head of the man she loved. It hung ominously heavy in her hands.

"Frank, Frank!" she sobbed, staring down with horror into Gascoyne's still, white face. "Frank, oh, my darling, speak to me!"

He answered her no word. He lay there stiff and silent. Mary felt a hand upon her shoulder, and John Steele's voice spoke hoarsely in her ear.

"He's dead. Come away. There isn't a moment to lose before the police find us. Come, girl—come, I tell you!"

John Steele's face, from the hard grey eyes to the square jaw and the thin lips, was the face of a strong man, but now these lines of strength seemed to be distorted. It was the face of a man in the grip of an overwhelming terror. There was scorn and anger in Mary's eyes as she looked up at him. This man whom she called father—all her life she had hardly known him—before he had come to live at Maitland she had seen him for only a few days each year—there were no bonds of affection between them—and now he had killed the man she loved—killed him in a cowardly, treacherous way.

"Do you think I shall leave him?" she cried. "Go, if you want to—go and hide from the police! You shall go by yourself. If ever there was any link that bound us together, it is broken now!"

"He is dead, Mary. You can do nothing," he stammered. "I can't recall what I have done. Come, while there is still time."

"No, no!" she answered wildly. "Never! I will stay here by the side of the man I love. You separated us before, you shall not separate us now."

She bent over Gascoyne's head, and her tears rained down on his pale face. John Steele glanced in terror and despair round the room.

"You must come!" he said desperately. "If they found us here, do you know what it would mean for me—the gallows. I have been kind to you, Mary; I have done my best to look after you all my life. Let the memory of what I've done for you count for something now."

His words seemed to burn themselves like fire upon her brain. It was true what he said. Gascoyne was dead. Not all her tears, not all her bitter regrets, could bring him back to life.

"I won't go with you, I won't go with you!" she sobbed; and then in a more broken voice she added: "Oh, let me stay with him a little while!"

He put his arms under her shoulders and lifted her bodily from the floor.

"You must come now, Mary, at once. There is no time to be lost."

She tried to struggle with him, but he forced her to the door, pushing her out into the passage. Then, taking the key from the inside, he locked the door from outside. In the terror of his haste, he cast no look at the man lying on the floor. He did not see how, even as he closed the door, the tall figure stretched there moved slightly.

"Get your hat on, Mary, and let's go before the alarm is raised. We must leave our luggage here."

He came to her room a few moments later, and, taking her arm, half-dragged her through the passage and down the stairs.

"We shall be back about midnight," he said to the man in the hall.

Now they were out in Euston Road. A neighbouring music-hall was discharging its audience, and, as if with set purpose, John Steele, still holding Mary's arm, mingled with the crowd. Keeping to the main thoroughfare they made their way towards Tottenham Court Road, and it was not until they were a few yards from Portland Road Station that Mary stopped and faced her father.

"You are safe now," she said, wresting her arm from his grasp, "and here we part. I have done what you wished, and now I never wish to see you again."

As she finished speaking she turned swiftly and ran down a neighbouring side street in the direction of Fitzroy Square. A slight fog had risen, and before she had gone many yards she was hidden from view.

John Steele stood looking after her until she was out of sight, like one turned to stone. He made no movement to follow her. Then, when she had vanished from his gaze, he threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and, stumbling across the pavement to the wall of a neighbouring house, he leant there as if the strength had gone from his body.

Up to now terror—the horror of the deed he had committed—the fear of Steve Langford and the gallows—had obsessed his imagination. Ever since the night at Deeping Ferry, when the swift-running waters of the river had drowned Major Matlock's last despairing cry, he had lived like one possessed. Terror had been his companion by day and his bed-fellow by night. But the flight of Mary had awakened other feelings in his heart.

As he leant against the wall he recalled his mad pride that had made him tear this girl, while she was yet an infant, from his sister's arms, separating the mother and the child, and believing that by this unnatural act he was shielding and protecting both, the one from the shame and mockery of the world, the other from the knowledge of that shame. And it had led to this. Two crimes were on his conscience, and the girl, whom he had sacrificed at the dictation of Steve Langford, had now turned from him as if he were a leper.

"Maggie, Maggie!" he whispered to himself. "I wronged you, and I've wronged your child!"

He looked up and down the almost deserted street, and his face seemed to harden.

"I will make amends, Maggie, I will make amends!" he muttered, as if addressing his sister.

He drew himself up, and, squaring his shoulders, turned eastwards once more down the Euston Road with the light in his eyes of a man who goes knowingly and fearlessly to death.

Mary did not stop running until she had put some hundreds of yards between herself and the spot where she had left John Steele. Then she stopped and looked round. He had not followed her, and she was alone. A faintness seized her, and, putting out her hands, she grasped an iron railing hard by to prevent herself from falling.

She felt utterly weak and unstrung. The long day she had gone through with all its succession of horrors—the mockery of her marriage, the flight from Maitland, and the crowning horror of all, the murder of the man she loved, who had come unhesitatingly and unselfishly in answer to her appeal, had tried her strength to the utmost.

She would have cried aloud, but two men who had passed her and had looked curiously at her face, turned and came back, intending to speak to her. She fled from them, stumbling down the pavement, feeling as if every moment her legs must give way beneath her. She must find somewhere to rest, and at this thought she put her hand into her pocket and drew out her purse. There was only three shillings there, but there was enough for a bed and some food, and both she felt she must have, unless she was to drop unconscious in the street.

In her flight she had taken several turnings, and now was in a narrow, dirty street, filled with a few mean houses and shops. A light behind an illuminated sign attracted her attention. It set out that beds could be had within for single women.

She tottered up the few stone steps and rang the bell. Presently the door was opened and a fat, elderly woman in a faded plush dress opened the door.

"Hullo, what do you want?" said the woman, eyeing her appraisingly.

"A bed," answered Mary; "and if possible, something to eat."

"But you ain't got anybody with you!" the woman answered, staring in surprise at the girl.

To Mary her words were quite incomprehensible. She only knew that she wanted to lie down. If the food was an impossibility she would do without it.

"If you could let me have a bed, I should be much obliged!" she murmured faintly. "I'm very tired and I don't think I can go any further."

"How much money have you got?" asked the woman.

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"Three shillings."

The woman sniffed contemptuously.

"Why, I always get ten!" she said.

Mary looked at her in surprise, and then glanced beyond her into the dirty passage. It seemed incredible that anybody paid such a figure for rooms in such a house. The woman saw her glance and flushed, and then quite unexpectedly her face softened and she held out her hand to Mary.

"Come in lassie, I didn't understand!" she said; and in a lower voice she muttered to herself: "Thank the saints you don't understand either, my poor child!"

She admitted her into the passage and closed the door.

"You shall have your bit of supper and your bed, and some breakfast in the morning, and you need only give me two of those shillings of yours."

After a cup of cocoa and some bread and butter, in a tawdrily-furnished room, Mary went to bed, but she hardly closed her eyes all night.

She found breakfast waiting for her when she got downstairs in the morning. There was a paper on the table, and picking it up, she glanced with a feeling of shrinking terror through its columns. There was no mention there of a crime that had been committed in St. Chads Hotel. The body had not yet been found, she told herself, but the evening papers would spring the whole news of the tragedy on the town.

While she made a pretence of eating her breakfast, she began to try and arrange some plans for the future. Somewhere she must find work, and on this point she consulted the lodging-house keeper.

"There's the factories and there's the shops," she told her, and then added in a graver voice, "But it isn't always easy to find work."

Mary sallied forth at last with the determination to try the factories. In her simplicity she had imagined that London was like Maitland, only on a larger scale, and that the factories, as in her native town, would be discernible from a distance. But there were streets and streets, and nowhere could she see the tall, familiar chimneys which, for her, were the sign of possible employment.

At midday she gave up her search and turned her attention to the shops. But here misfortune dogged her steps. The smaller shops had all the assistants they required, and she was too nervous to enter the magnificent emporiums of the bigger firms. By six in the evening she had spent her last remaining shilling, and she was in a state of utter physical exhaustion.

She was now penniless, with no friends in the world to whom she could turn. She was even without the means of obtaining a night's lodging. It was only when she was in the last throes of despair that an inspiration came to her. Felix Lyte had said that she had a magnificent voice, and Felix Lyte, to judge from the way he had spoken and acted, appeared to be some authority on the subject. She recalled the contract which he had been prepared to give her. She had paid no attention to it at the time, but now she faintly recalled that he had offered to pay her a sum so vast that she was unable to comprehend it. All that she now recalled was that she had a voice which somebody had praised and had offered money for.

She had often heard people sing in the streets. She must do the same, and perhaps somebody with a kind heart would reward her song with a few coppers. She only wanted enough for another night's shelter.

As she resolved to try this last desperate chance she caught sight of a long queue of people, marshalled by the police, waiting at the door of a theatre. Standing in the gutter, her face nervously pale, her eyes fixed on the glaring electric sign of the theatre, trying to make herself oblivious to her audience, she began to sing.

"Oh, Lord, here's another!" said a man in the queue, loud enough for her to hear.

His words brought her immediately to a stop, but the very opposition roused her faltering courage. She began the simple ballad over again and this time there was no faltering or quavering in her voice.

At the end of the first verse she dropped her eyes for a moment to look at the crowd. To her amazement they had all turned and were facing her, and the queue which had been formed tightly against the wall of the theatre had now straggled half-way across the pavement.

As she hesitated, not understanding what this could mean, a volume of applause broke out, and then was still again. She began the second verse with rising spirits, and something told her that her voice had obtained a sympathetic audience.

The conclusion of the second verse was the end of the song. There now lay before her what she dreaded more than the singing—the asking for money. She was about to step forward timidly, when a clatter at her feet made her look down. Money was falling on the pavement like rain.

Mary, absolutely stupefied by this undreamt-of success, was about to stoop down to pick up some of the coins when a man in an opera hat and a light grey coat, who had stood listening to her song on the steps of the motor-brougham from which he had alighted, suddenly rushed forward and gripped her arm, with an exclamation.

"Miss Lawless!" he exclaimed.

Looking up she found herself face to face with Felix Lyte.

(To be concluded next week.)

The World's Best Stories

His Point of View.

THE appointment of General Sir Beauchamp Duff to the important post of Commander-in-Chief in India has caused a good deal of talk, because most people seem to think it foreshadows an even more important appointment. The General was Chief-of-Staff under Lord Kitchener while the latter was Commander-in-Chief in India, and for that and other reasons it is supposed that Lord Kitchener will be the next Viceroy of India.

Many good stories are told by Sir Beauchamp. Once while he was staying in Cairo he rode out with a party of friends, including a Colonel in the Horse Gunners, to see the Pyramids.

When they arrived at their destination everybody except the Colonel got quite excited at the wonderful sight. The Colonel, on the other hand, stood looking at them stolidly without speaking.

Presently a young and enthusiastic lieutenant went up to him. "What are you thinking about, sir?" asked the lieutenant. "Of the marvellous race of people who could erect them?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old soldier; "I was thinking what a ripping good target they would make for my guns!"

What He Did.

WHEN Sir Beauchamp was appointed to his first post in India, one of his subordinates, who did not know him, tried to find out from a brother officer what sort of man they would have to deal with. The dialogue went something like this:

"Does he play bridge much?"

"Not much."

"Billiards, maybe?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Any good at chess?"

"He plays badly."

"Does he go in for any outdoor sports?"

"At long intervals."

"Then what on earth does he do?" asked the bewildered man finally.

"The rarest thing possible," snapped the other; "he works."

Not Used to Hard Work.

IT was this same General Duff to whom a rather slack young officer once applied for leave of absence.

"What for?" asked Sir Beauchamp.

"Well, I've been hard at work for six weeks," was the reply.

"Is that so?" remarked Sir Beauchamp curtly. "Go back and try it for six months and then come to me again—*if you're alive!*"

Ordered to the Front.

MR. JOHN HASSALL, the brilliant artist, has designed a special Christmas card this year for Boy Scouts.

Mr. Hassall, whose good stories are famous, tells of a retired Army officer who was in his back garden one day when a tramp came round the end of the house.

"I've been at the front," he began, "and——"

The old officer beamed on him as he interrupted to ask: "Have you, indeed, my man? And were you wounded?"

"No," said the man, "no, sir, not exactly. But I couldn't make no one 'ear, *so I come round to the back!*"

The Real Trouble.

THE crusade by the Bishops against impropriety on the stage seems to have been side-tracked by the problem: Are performing animals trained by cruelty?

Some people who might be supposed to know declare that the animals *are* ill-treated, but the trainers are, naturally enough, prepared to go to the stake rather than admit it.

Mr. Fred Ginnett, the famous showman, who declares that there is no cruelty involved in the training of performing animals, tells an amusing story of the lion and the lamb that Lord George Sanger trained to appear together.

When the sale of the old showman's menagerie took place the two animals were put up together, and were bought by Mr. Ginnett, though by this time the "lamb," to say the least of it, was getting rather elderly. A few days after the sale an acquaintance asked Mr. Ginnett how the happy pair were getting on, and if they were still fulfilling the Bible phrase about "lying down together."

"I wish I'd never seen them," said Mr. Ginnett gloomily.

"Why?" asked the other. "Is he savage?"

"Savage isn't the word for it," replied Mr. Ginnett.

"But," remarked his friend, "I thought he looked such a mild old lion——"

"Lion!" interrupted Mr. Ginnett. "Lion be blowed! It's the lamb I mean. He butts like a battering ram!"

He Came to See the Moon.

THE death of Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, will be regretted by every one of the many thousands who have heard him lecture, for as a lecturer he had an unusually intimate and friendly manner that put him on good terms with his audience the moment he began to speak.

His fund of good stories, too, was apparently limitless.

Among the anecdotes he enjoyed telling was one relating to the time he was at the Dunsink Observatory.

A working man called to see him one day, and in reply to Sir Robert's question, he said he wanted to see the moon through the telescope.

"Certainly!" replied Sir Robert; "and if you'll come back this evening I'll be glad to let you use the telescope."

"Can't I see it now?" asked the man in evident astonishment.

"No, I'm afraid not," said Sir Robert. "You must wait till the evening."

"But, lor' bless ye!" exclaimed the man, "I can see it myself at night without any old telescope."

And he walked off with an air of great disgust.

A Great Relief.

IN the course of one of his lectures, Sir Robert observed: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually losing its heat, and in the course of some seventy millions of years it will be exhausted, consequently this world of ours will be unable to support any form of life."

At this point a member of his audience rose in an agitated manner.

"Pardon me," he interrupted. "But *how* many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

"Seventy millions," replied Sir Robert.

The man sank back into his seat with a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank heaven!" he ejaculated. "*I thought you said seven millions!*"

Wanted to be Fair, But——

J. B. HOBBS, the famous Surrey cricketer, has been piling up the centuries in South Africa, where he is touring just now with the M.C.C. team.

Hobbs once remarked that cricketers on opposite sides always want to win, but usually they at least play the game in the right spirit. By way of *not* illustrating his point, he went on, with a quiet chuckle, to tell a story of a country umpire who was in the habit of winning games for the village club by his rather remarkable decisions.

At the conclusion of one match in which he had given an extra special performance, giving about eight men out on the opposing side with palpably unfair decisions, the captain of his own side went up to him as he was walking towards the pavilion.

"Of course, Jones," said the captain with a twinkle in his eye, "we don't want you to be unjust to anybody. Nobody hates unfairness more than I do. But I'm afraid some of your decisions to-day were—er—well, a bit thick, weren't they? However, it was a jolly fine win, wasn't it, old chap? Don't fail to turn up next Saturday, *and the secretary will give you an extra half-crown for to-day!*"

Blotted Out.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has achieved what is probably a unique distinction in having his own silhouette used on the poster advertising his play *Magic*. Mr. Chesterton is, of course, an unusually stout man, and his burly figure is at once recognised on the poster.

Somebody was recently describing a meeting at which Mr. Chesterton was one of the principal speakers.

"Mr. Chesterton then mounted the platform," said this reporter, "and the chairman was seen no more for half-an-hour."

J. J. Bell, the author of "Wee Macgregor," writes a story for the Christmas PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

The Fights of Billy Wells

Another Chapter in the Life Story of Britain's Most Popular Boxer.

It was in January, 1911, that Wells and "Gunner" James Moir met at the Olympia Annexe, West Kensington, and that Wells, to his sorrow, learnt the truth of the saying that a fight is never won until it is lost.

Wells, remember, had acted as Moir's sparring partner when he first came home from India, but when the two met in their first boxing match, the "sparring partner" very nearly beat his old master.

In the opening round, so frequently did Wells get his left fist "home" on his opponent's person that members of the great crowd present began to leave in the belief that all was over bar the shouting.

But they fought two more rounds, and in the third one the cool, calculating Moir got one in on Wells' body that knocked him down and out; for when Mr. Eugene Corri, the referee, had counted the fatal ten seconds Wells was still on the ground, gasping, and apparently almost oblivious to where he was and what was going on.

He had paid the penalty of rashness; impetuosity had been his undoing for the first time since he had come home.

Although short, the fight was a most dramatic one in many ways, the most remarkable thing about it being the almost irresistible methods of Wells at the start.

Wily Gunner Moir.

His early success was all the more amazing because of the cute way in which Moir tried to get "on his nerves."

Knowing full well the highly-strung nature of his opponent, the gunner kept him waiting ten minutes or so in the ring before he deigned to appear himself.

But the eclipse of Billy Wells was a very short one. It was characteristic of him to be thus counted out against Moir in January and to rise up in April and beat "Iron" Hague—the man who had knocked out Moir in less than two minutes a few months before—in the heavyweight championship of England.

In Hague, Wells had to meet a solid, phlegmatic Yorkshireman, not a very scientific boxer perhaps, but a fighter who could hit and a man who could take blows with a tantalising suggestion of calm indifference to physical hurt. In one way "Iron" Hague—the "Iron" was admirably apt in those days—was about the worst sort of opponent for a nervy, impressionable man like Wells to take on, but for all that the Bombardier won all along the line.

He thus became heavyweight champion of his country and winner of Lord Lonsdale's belt.

Having shown himself the best heavyweight boxer in the land, Wells proceeded to—give up boxing. At any rate he rested on his laurels for a time and left the ring for the stage. For some months he toured London and the provinces in a specially written music-hall sketch, in which he played the part of a young boxer ready to tackle any other boxer in the world. The sketch was called, *Wanted, a Man.* The "man" was forthcoming; Jack Johnson was also on the halls at that time, and before long he and Wells were matched to fight each other.

But, as will be remembered, they were not allowed to meet. A crusade against the proposed "black v. white" match, in which the Reverend F. B. Meyer took a leading part, ended in the promoters abandoning the scheme.

To Meet Jack Johnson.

The match was to have been for a purse of £8,000, and, showing the money there is in boxing, a computation of Johnson's share of his fight with Jeffries was as follows:

	£
Purse	15,150
Moving pictures	33,000
Music-hall engagements	20,000
Bets, etc.	4,000
	£72,150

Billy Wells has never made anything like this, of course, but he is young yet, and he may easily have a fortune in his fists.

Opinions were very sharply divided on the "Stop the Fight" crusade; and although Mr. Meyer came in for a good deal of hostile criticism for the stand he took, he bore Billy Wells no malice. On the contrary, he said some very nice things about him and some that showed a lack of expert boxing knowledge.

Whether Wells would have won is a matter that will remain unsolved for all time, for Wells and Johnson are never likely to meet now.

(To be concluded.)

An Irishman once was travelling in a train with a friend, when two very stout ladies entered the carriage. They placed themselves on each side of Pat.

"Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?" the friend asked.

"Sure, I haven't much room to grumble," was the reply.

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

Be good and you'll be happy—and probably poor.

A well-bred child never reproves its parents in public.

Give some men an inch of rope and they'll hang you in.

To make things come your way it is necessary to go after them.

Blessed is the man who doesn't give offence. Also he's unusual.

Some married men make ideal companions—away from home.

Flirtation is the best game for two that has ever been invented.

There is no woman who does not believe herself an exception to a rule.

Marriage means a constant obliteration of self, a constant "give up."

Most people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

A woman resents hearing her husband abused. It is usurping her privilege.

Delusions are like girls; we don't care to hug them unless they are attractive.

Love is the only thing in the world, and women who can't get it have tea instead.

It is no use bluffing unless you have something to bluff with; and then you have no need to.

Happy indeed is the man who does not fear his post and can treat the postman's rat-tat with indifference.

A girl needs a full moon to appreciate having a man make love to her, unless there isn't any, when she can do just as well without.

When a fellow stops buying extravagant presents for a girl it is a sign that she has either refused him or promised to marry him.

What do you think a girl gets engaged for if it isn't to be cuddled? Woman was created to yield to the energetic advances of man.

When a woman is disagreeable something has gone wrong with her lover, and when a man is disagreeable something has gone wrong with his liver.

Don't expect your wife to understand your method of shopping. You walk into the shop, ask for what you want, get it, pay for it, and walk out. When your wife sees you do this she considers you insane.

£10 FOR GOOD LINE-RICKS.

TEN £1 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

Line-ricks is a simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every Reader of P.W.

To make a Line-rick you take any one line in this copy of *P.W.*—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 682, column 1, line 27, the line:

"*'The gentleman's down in the hall,' the maid said.*"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"*As her mistress was fixing the hair on her head.*"

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the story on page 674:

"*A life affair.*"

Then you could add the line:

"*Cupid was there!*"

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the Bird's advertisement on page ii. of red cover.

"*The pudding crowns the Christmas feast.*"

and you add a second line:

"*Tommy's share is not the least.*"

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.
Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the readers from whom the Editor receives what are considered to be the best ten Line-rick will be awarded the ten £1 prizes. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, December 30th. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 24" in the top left-hand corner.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided each is on a separate coupon.

LINE-RICK No. 24.

Page..... *Column*..... *Line*.....

Line chosen .....

.....

Rhyming line .....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Name .....

Address.....

THERE IS NO ENTRY FEE.

RESULT OF CHRISTMAS HAMPER LINE-RICK No. 5.

A Christmas Hamper has been awarded to each of the following competitors:

Miss N. Hutchinson, 192 Roundhay Road, Leeds.
G. Burnett, 10 Meadowfield Road, Bridlington.
Mrs. Lena Bickers, 10 Springfield Road, Exeter.
Ernest W. Perry, 36 Herbert Street, Mile End, Portsmouth.
C. Edmonds, 1 Cross Road, New Southgate, N.
W. H. Devine, 14 Wellington Flats, Wellington Road, Bow.
Miss M. Cox, 4 Merridale Road, Leicester.
Mrs. J. Greenhough, 28 Town Lane, Denton, Manchester.
George Maddox, 41 Alberta Street, Longton, Staffs.
H. Burnett, "Lyndhurst," Mt. Vernon Road, Barnsley, Yorks.

Here are some very clever Line-ricks sent in this week.

The arrest was justified, for three of the clues
Were paraffin, matches, and Suffragette news.

"It is not exactly regular" he said, with a smile
When the convict requested the loan of a file.

But the audience has to put up with that
Since the wig she's got on is fixed to her hat.

Terrible thoughts rioted in Dick Warren's brain
He'd just 4d. left and She'd ordered champagne.

The best book for a Christmas party. PEARSON'S Book of Fun, Mirth and Mystery. On sale at all booksellers.

How Chorus Girls get Fine Clothes

Mr. P. Doubleyou Learns Why the Footlight Favourites' Poorer Sisters Are Always Smartly Dressed.

JUST at this season of the year, in certain parts of London, you will see smart, well-set-up, fresh-looking girls, walking in twos and threes.

There is a certain stamp about them that marks them out from other young women of the middle class. They walk better as a rule, and carry themselves with a somewhat self-conscious pose, as if to say: "We are here to be looked at." Their hair is always very well-dressed, even to the point of exaggeration, and their hats invariably suit them well. They are chorus girls engaged for the coming pantomimes.

And now comes a peculiarity of this branch of the theatrical profession, which is little known to the outside public. Where do these girls get the smart and handsome clothes that you see them in when applying for engagements?

It is unjust and untruthful to cast a slur on a most hard-working branch of the community by saying any girl can get fine clothes if the easy path is preferred to the narrow one, because, although there are black sheep in every fold, there are as many honest and respectable chorus girls as there are girls in any other business.

No, the clothes don't come that way, but from a far better source. Near Bedford Street, and known to all in "the" profession, is a bureau or exchange and mart, a benevolent society, or an outfitter's, whichever you like, and there the girls can go and hire any clothes they require.

It's a Sin to Look Poor.

Business has been bad in the autumn, and fewer companies have gone "upon the road."

That means dozens of young women have been unemployed, and between August and Christmas clothes get shabby, shoes run down, and gloves come into holes through the ceaseless peregrinations of their owners to find work.

Then comes the great harvest of the year—pantomime time! Where the great star comedians have their hundreds a week, where the aspiring beginners get their "small parts," and where the modest but necessary chorus girl settles to her eight or ten weeks' engagement, and knows she can save and buy her spring costume as well. But she can't go to the agents' offices or the manager's theatre looking down-at-heel and dejected. That stamps her at once as being undesirable.

Unfortunately, in her business it is a sin to *look* poor. That very fact brought into existence this benevolent outfitter through the instrumentality mainly of some members of the profession (the most generous in the world) who had once been in the chorus, but had prospered through luck or marriage, and now hold out a helping hand to their poorer sisters. This establishment (concealed from the vulgar eye of the uninitiated) hires out handsome costumes, neat boots, smart furs and feathers. In fact, anything and everything that a girl may require to make her look nice.

They All Have Their Own Hats.

Having a chat with the lady in charge—a most keen woman of the world, and one with an eye to effect also, I asked her why, among the piles of clothes, there were few or no hats.

"I thought chorus girls loved fine hats," I said.

"Our chorus ladies," corrected my informant, "always wear their own hats. It is a curious thing that however poor a girl will be, she will cling to her own hat with almost pathetic determination. You see, it suits her face, and it is a hundred chances to one I have not the exact shape in the place; so we don't lend hats. We take the hat, with its sodden chiffon and draggled flowers of last summer, and our milliner in three minutes will fold a piece of material round it (hiding an especially bad place, perhaps) and pin a drooping feather just in the right place. Immediately the draggled hat becomes a self-respecting member again, and the girl puts it on with unmistakable judgment."

Then her rather mean serge dress has, perhaps, a few handsome buttons fastened down it, and with the addition of a feather stole and a pair of neat gloves, the girl is transformed.

For this accommodation she pays a few pence—ridiculously few, it seems to me, but as the manageress explained, if they paid nothing it would look like charity, and girls don't like to take charity. They are willing to pay what they can afford, and so the charges are made to suit all purses.

Furs From Fourpence.

"Here is the price-list. You see, we do not overcharge our clients," she said, and pointed out a large sheet on the wall.

The following are a few items culled at random:—

	s.	d.
Hat trimming of fur or feathers, per day...	0	6
" " of lace or quills " ...	0	2
Gloves, ordinary, per day	0	1
" white kid or long, per day... ...	0	4
Short jackets	0	3
Skirts, pleated cloth, per day	0	4
Costumes, ordinary "	0	6
" very stylish "	0	9
" latest "	1	6
Velvet coats	1	6
Furs, from	0	4

"So a girl for one shilling can make a smart and respectable appearance?" I said, adding the items together.

"Yes, but for that she would have no furs, and, of course, this cold weather furs look and feel the proper thing," replied my informant. "This is an imitation ermine; ladies are very fond of white fur, and it looks neat and good. We let this out at sixpence, the tie and muff."

"Don't you find it gets dirty?"

"Very often, but we have a girl here who cleans it with powdered magnesia, and it is as good as ever. We clean all our own gloves, too."

"Ah," I said. "That item, fourpence for white gloves—that cannot pay, can it?"

"Well, hardly, I think, but a number of ladies send us their white gloves that are just soiled and have never been cleaned, so we very rarely have to buy any white kid gloves."

"And the money they pay for hire—where does it go to?"

"Towards repairing and renewing the garments. Of course, as I said, it does not pay, but it helps, and we have several very kind people who help us with their clothes and their purses also."

"Don't you ever lose things?" I asked.

"Very seldom. Sometimes, of course, but we don't let our most valuable things go out unless we are very certain of the borrower. Look at this." She opened a small drawer at the back and took out a diamond ring.

"I have had this ring on and off for ages. It belongs to a girl, and is her only thing of value. It is worth about twenty pounds, but she would not take fifty pounds for it, as her mother left it to her when she died. She got an engagement to go with a well-dressed company on tour and had no money to buy things, so we fitted her out and she left us the ring in exchange. In about a week's time the clothes will come back, and she will receive her ring again."

Principal Ladies Not Catered For.

"I suppose this bureau is very well known to actresses of all grades?"

"I don't think so. We don't cater for principal ladies, they have usually good clothes, or if not they have so much talent or beauty that they can afford to go shabby. We only deal with the chorus ladies and dancers, and not all of them know our place. You see, for obvious reasons we do not advertise, and our business is by recommendation solely. We lend no stranger clothes unless she is brought in by a lady we have done business with before. It would not do, we should have thieves in no time."

"Do you never lend a stranger things?"

"Well, we have done it. A girl once came with a white embroidered summer dress and wanted a cloth costume. Poor girl, it was her only nice frock, and it was December. We did not know her, but the exchange was good, and so we did it."

"And did it answer?"

"Very well in her case. She met and married a rich man through that engagement, and is now one of our chief supporters."

The Word "COMPLETE" Describes Exactly The

Daily Express

FOOTBALL NEWS.

NOTHING WORTH PRINTING IS MISSED.

"ORION'S" Trenchant Football Articles Are the Talk of the Football World.

100 Toys for 1/-

THINK OF IT! A TOYSHOP FOR 12 PENCE.

Never before has such a wonderful Xmas Box of Toys been offered for the price. A bargain of bargains! Games, Toys and Puzzles in endless variety! Something different for every child. A riot of fun for all the family, and for the friends of all ages that come to visit your home.

Once you have this splendid Xmas Play Box in your house, there will be never a dull moment. There are card games, optical puzzles, and endless other kinds of entertainment that will keep the whole of a family full of interest all the time. Then there are toys for the children, so absorbing and entrancing that the little ones will find endless fun and frolic with them.

"Everlasting" Spinning Top.

Here, too, are just the very things to make your Christmas Tree a vision of wonderment and joy. Now you will be able to make it the greatest success of any Christmas known. No difficulty, either, to find the presents for the largest family's Santa Claus stocking. Every one can now be filled at the cost of a few pence. Think of what you can do in this way with one hundred toys.

Imagine the amusement you and your family and friends will be able to obtain from the seven mirth-making Card Games, for instance—the amusing problems of Max and Maurice—the laughter-creating situations of "Conversation Cards"—and the exciting shouts when the last card is drawn, in the game of "Robinson."

Then there is the Magic Camera, the most wonderful apparatus for portrait taking in existence. A few moments' exposure to the magic lens produces a ready finished picture of yourself that sends your friends into hysterics of laughter.

Pages could be taken up in describing the wonders of this box of a "thousand nights' entertainment." As the contents are unpacked, fresh wonders come to light. There is the "Cinematograph"—or the Magic Moving Pictures, also "Look Again," or the disappearing cubes. The "Changing Heads"—a puzzle design, where a German and French soldier alternately come to view. Then follow optical puzzles, each one of absorbing interest and amusement.

Air Football.

How the children will scream with delight when the parcel is opened. How the grown up eyes will open wide when they see the heaps of fun in prospect, and the delight of the kiddies! The extraordinary value given in this beautiful Xmas Treasure Box of Toys and Games will bring such a rush of orders that our stock will rapidly sell out. To make sure, thereore, of securing your box, or boxes, don't hesitate a moment in sending your 1s. Postal Order for a Vahl Xmas Box (3d. in stamps should be included for postage). Boxes sent per return

Two Xmas Boxes, containing 200 Toys and Games for 2s., post free. Six boxes for 5s., postage 4d. Send P.O. to-day to

VAHL TOY BOX 18, The Mail Order House, Brighton.

Why Does a Man Grow Bald Sooner Than a Woman?

There is no real reason why a man's hair should come out faster than a woman's does, but women take care of their hair, men, as a rule, do not. Watch a man getting up in the morning. He spends ten minutes shaving and one minute on his hair. He just ruffles his hair, pours on a few drops of Brilliantine or "something he got from the barber's," and that is about all the attention his hair ever gets. So his hair comes out in comb-fuls, just as did the hair of Mr. G. R. Sims, until he discovered Tatcho. People who knew the famous dramatist wondered at the change, and one day in an unguarded moment he told a few friends of his discovery. The news spread like wildfire. Hundreds of thousands of letters poured in upon him. In self defence he formed a company to deal with the hair-grower. He named it "Tatcho," which signifies "genuine," "good," "true." If you wish to save your hair, just as Mr. G. R. Sims saved his, take advantage of the special offer of a 4s. 6d. bottle for 1s. 10d.—*1s. 10d. spent on a bottle of Tatcho now will do what £110 may fail to do once you have lost your hair.*

If you prefer it, get your 4s. 6d. bottle for 1s. 10d. through your own Chemist or Stores.

SPECIAL OFFER.

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this authority a regular 4s. 6d. bottle of TATCHO, carriage and packing paid, to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of 1s. 10d

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

5 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

A Christmas Carol, with words and music, appears in this week's HOME NOTES.

Footer Teams Bribed and Drugged

When Stoke played Liverpool, some years ago, their men left the field, one by one, until only seven listless players remained.

It is a dangerous thing to bribe or even to attempt to bribe a football player nowadays, for a dozen reasons. The chief reason, of course, is that every action of the player is keenly watched by thousands of critical eyes and a deliberate miskick or mistake of any kind is pretty sure to be spotted.

But the recent alleged attempt to bribe the whole of the West Bromwich Albion players, through Jesse Pennington, their captain, was doomed to failure from the beginning, for, even if the bribe had been taken, football crowds know the exact play of a team as a whole and individually so well, that they would have been detected for a certainty.

What the F.A. Said.

It was only last March that a prominent man in the football world practically accused a team of allowing their opponents to win to save the latter from going into the Second Division.

His opinion was that of thousands of spectators who watched the match, as well as that of many football reporters Though the Football Association, in an inquiry afterwards definitely stated that they did not believe the players had been bribed, they stated in their report that there was evidence that the form displayed by the losing players was unsatisfactory.

In 1910 an attempt was made to sell a match in the north because of the effect it would have on the election of a certain man to Parliament.

It transpired at the inquiry afterwards that the captain of one team was offered £30—£10 for himself and £2 each player—if his side were defeated.

Bribing is not the only means used by those interested to bring about their own result to a match. Time and time again attempts have been made to drug players, and many first-class teams now carry their own food with them when playing in an away match. But, of course, it is very difficult where a team or a player has been drugged to bring the guilt home to the offenders.

Dr. Roose Had to Go Off.

A good many people will remember the sensation caused by the Stoke v. Liverpool match at Liverpool in 1902. An extraordinary epidemic seemed to attack the Staffordshire players.

First of all, Roose, the famous Welsh International goalkeeper, was compelled to leave the field. One by one, others followed his example, till at one time during the match Liverpool were only faced with seven Stoke players! Moreover, these seven were playing in a listless fashion that suggested something was radically wrong. All sorts of wild rumours were flying round, and though the Stoke doctor gave it as his opinion that it was a case of accidentally eating tainted food, a good many people were not satisfied as to how that food had been "tainted."

Drugging and bribery are not the only tricks of the shady follower of football. A few seasons ago a leading Lancashire team was suddenly called upon to take the field without one of its crack forwards. He had arrived at the dressing-room a little late, and when putting on his boots in a hurry he felt a sharp pain in his foot. Some one or other had driven a nail right through the sole of his boot! As a result, the club had this player on the sick list, through lameness, for the next couple of months.

VERY REMARKABLE.

Stranger (riding past the foot of a mountain to driver): "Anything remarkable about this mountain?"

Driver: "There's nothing peculiar about the hill itself, but there's a queer story connected with it."

Stranger: "What is that?"

Driver: "A young lady and gentleman went for a walk on this hill; they ascended higher and higher and never came back again."

Stranger: "Dear, dear me! How unfortunate. What, then, became of the unhappy pair?"

Driver: "They went down on the other side, sir."

Widowed Father (to his ten-year-old daughter): "Do you know, Minnie, that your governess is going to get married?"

Minnie: "I'm so glad to get rid of the hateful thing; I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry?"

Widowed Father: "Me."

"Now Lennie," said his mother, giving her final instructions before he left for the Christmas party, "remember, if you're asked to have something you want, you must say, 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it——"

Lennie raised his hand. "That's all right, mum," he said, "you needn't bother about that part of it."

"Yes, indeed," said the steersman to the admiring young ladies; "yes, this vessel makes sixteen knots an hour."

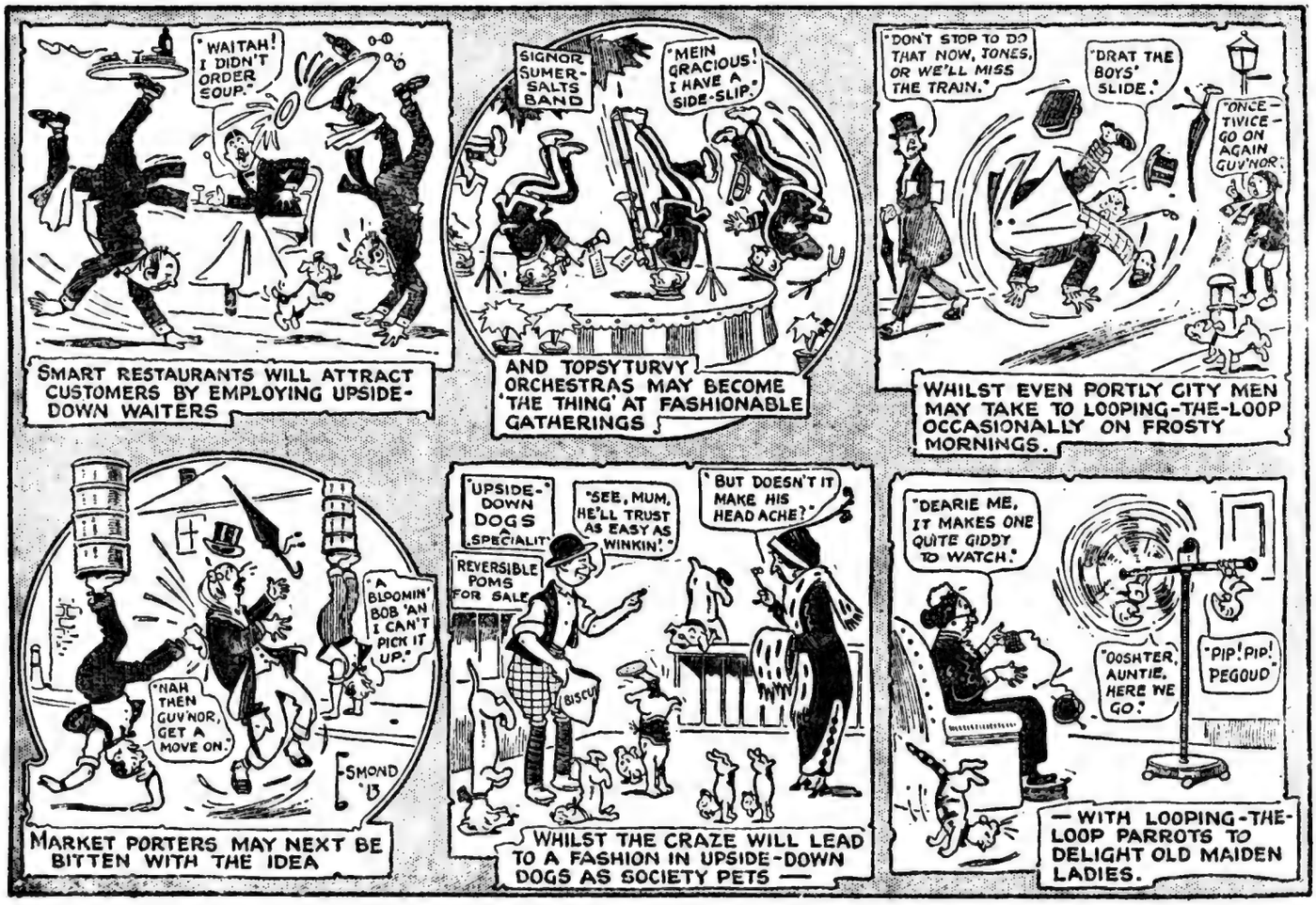
"Goodness," commented one innocent thing, "you must use a lot of rope during the year."

Blind Tramp: "I was not always as you see me now."

Gentleman: "Yes, I know it. Yesterday you were a one-armed man, and the day before you were deaf and dumb."

BE UPSIDE DOWN—IT'S THE FASHION.

The upside down flying feat has led to an upside down dancing turn at the music halls. "It may lead to the upside down habit catching on in other ways," says our cartoonist.



With Christmas tales and fun and fact, The Christmas ROYAL'S tightly packed.

WHY WE HATE XMAS BOXES.

By a Postman who Doesn't Like Being a Beggar.

"THIS branch of the Postmen's Federation urges the Annual Conference to consider the degrading practice of postmen soliciting Christmas boxes, with a view to abolishing the same."

Every year hundreds of resolutions similar to the above are passed by the various branches of the Postmen's Federation—which is our Trade Union—and for many years running the Annual Conference has ratified the opinion of the branches.

Yet nothing is done. Why?

The principal, indeed the only, reason is the question of compensation. This is the stumbling-block. We maintain that the gratuities we receive from the public at Christmas have always been taken into account by successive governments in fixing our rates of pay—which are low enough in all conscience—and we ask for the total abolition of "boxes" and an all-round rise of two shillings a week in our wages in lieu thereof. This the Postmaster General will not agree to.

So the evil system is allowed to continue, and every year we are made to appear in the *rôle* of a band of licensed beggars.

It is safe to say that there is hardly a man amongst us who does not loathe the whole wretched business.

"Then why continue it?" you ask.

Some Get £50—Others Get Nothing.

My answer is that dire necessity compels us. The average wage of postmen the country over does not exceed twenty-five shillings a week. Thousands of married postmen with families get a good deal less. To the bulk of us the £4 or £5 extra at Christmas makes all the difference between sinking and swimming. We could not forego it if we would. But, all the same, we would infinitely prefer that it should be spread over the year in instalments in the guise of wages for work done.

For, besides being degrading, the present system works very unfairly. Both the sums collected in Christmas boxes and the methods of dealing with them differ widely in different parts of the country. There are some few lucky postmen—possibly a score all told—who receive as much as £50 in "boxes," while one man last Christmas was said to have received no less than £70; others, at the other end of the scale, get nothing.

To do away with these anomalies, a system of pooling has been adopted in many districts. Each postman is allotted so many houses, and he calls at each one in rotation, entering the amount he receives in a book. Afterwards the sum total is pooled, and divided in a certain fixed ratio.

This is in a sense fair to all concerned, but it is even more degrading to the postman-beggar who is told off to solicit. He has to beg from people he possibly never saw before.

"I'm Out of Work, but Here's Tuppence."

Last Christmas I was given a district in a poor working-class suburb, where I knew for a fact that the bulk of the people had the hardest of hard jobs to make both ends meet. I don't think I ever felt more ashamed of myself in my life than when, on calling at the first house on my list at three o'clock in the afternoon, I was greeted in the following terms: "Well, guv'nor, I've bin out o' work myself the last six weeks, and we've had naught but hotch-potch for dinner, but it's Christmas, so here's tuppence for you."

I felt like "chucking the job" then and there. However, I persevered, and by 10 o'clock at night I had "boxed" about 150 houses. My takings amounted to £1 11s. 1½d.

This was a fair average for the district, for at many houses I got nothing.

When, as frequently happened, the husband came to the door, I noticed that in nearly every case he had to consult the "missus." One of the smallest individual contributions, three-halfpence, came from the only really well-to-do man on my list, a property-owner and ex-town-councillor.

At the next meeting of our branch I voted for a resolution agreeing to "abolition without compensation." This is the burning question now. Quite a considerable section of postmen, though not a majority, are in favour of it.

FURTHER REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS IN HAIR CULTURE

Intensely Interesting Hair Facts for All who Value their Personal Appearance.

Another Wonderful Offer by the Man who can make the Hair of the British People to be the Finest in the World.

Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Royal Hair Specialist, publishes to-day further sensational facts of the greatest benefit to all interested in the condition of their hair and wishing to keep it healthy. In his last published information Mr. Edwards explained several marvellous experiments in hair growth and proved under the powerful, searching eye of the microscope that everyone whose hair is in any way impoverished, weak, falling, or approaching baldness, can at any age and under practically any conditions regrow it in absolutely splendid abundance, beauty, health, and strength.

The first experiment illustrated here shows the startling difference in actual strength between hair that is uncared for, deteriorating and impoverished, and hair that has been grown in glorious and healthy profusion by the regular daily practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill." It will be seen that the impoverished and weakened hair shaft can barely support a weight of even 3 ounces, while the vigorous, free-growing hair that has been grown by exactly the same methods as Mr. Edwards is now placing at the free disposal of every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* is shown actually supporting a weight of 8 ounces. Make this test yourself. It will give you at once a valuable indication of your hair's condition.

A striking test which proves the difference between weak and healthy hair. The impoverished hair will barely support a weight of 3 ozs. The healthy hair easily supports an 8 oz. weight. If your hair falls in the least from the healthy 8 oz. standard, Mr. Edwards offers you a free gift that will tell you how to render it not merely healthy, but splendidly abundant.

THE WEIGHT OF THE HAIR.

Mr. Edwards has also discovered, the astonishing fact that whereas the hair on an ordinary impoverished head weighs barely one ounce, a mass of "Hair-Drill grown" hair, in all its richness and profusion of perfect health, weighs as much as six or seven ounces.

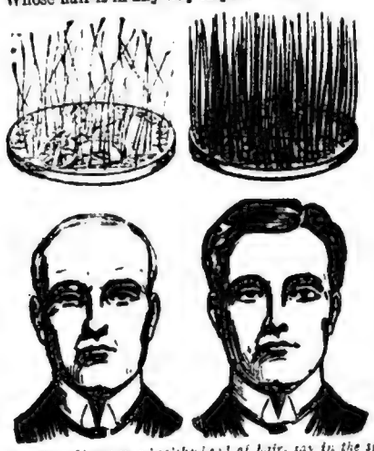
Again, the microscope reveals the fact that to every square inch of the head treated with "Harlene" there are the enormous total of 600 hairs, whereas before only a third of this number—and those very weak and straggling—existed. These striking facts show the real and startling difference between neglected, deteriorating hair, and hair regrown or rejuvenated by the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of culture, and, in telling you what the difference is, Mr. Edwards, with a magnificent gift, enables you to commence to make the change from impoverished to beautiful hair.

MR. EDWARDS' EXCEPTIONAL AND IMPORTANT GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

The renewal of Mr. Edwards' wonderful offer of a free hair-growing gift to every member of the public who sends to him for it, must be wonderfully good news for all who have not yet sent in their applications.

THIS huge gift is open to everyone

1. Whose hair is out of condition.
2. Whose hair is falling.
3. Who is dreading the approach of baldness.
4. Who is noticing the first signs of greyness.
5. Who is troubled with hair-killing scurf and dandruff.
6. Who experiences intense scalp irritation.
7. Whose hair is lank and greasy.
8. And lacking in crisp vitality.
9. Whose hair is in any way impoverished.



The number of hairs on a healthy head of hair, say in the space covered by one penny, is 600. The more impoverished your hair the less the number. If you know your hair is thin or falling, why not send for the great Harlene Hair-Drill Gift to-day?

THE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT CONSISTS OF—

1. **A liberal trial supply of the wonderfully strengthening hair tonic and dressing "Harlene."**
2. **A packet of "Cremex," a delightful shampoo powder, which thoroughly cleanses the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and prepares it for the Hair-Drill treatment.**
3. **A copy of the famous Harlene "Hair-Drill Manual" including reports upon remarkable experiments in hair culture.**

To secure this unique, scientific, "At-Home-Hair-Growing" Outfit, simply fill in and post the form below. When you find what magnificent results accrue from the use of this wonderful preparation, you can secure further supplies of Harlene from any chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle, and of Cremex, 1s. per box of 7 packets, single packet 2d. The proprietors will forward them upon receipt of payment, post free. Foreign orders freight extra. All cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Mr. Edwards definitely states that there is no reason why those suffering from Hair ailments, who are losing their hair, should continue to suffer. He offers to prove that hair can grow practically at any age under any condition, and to support his assertion, offers as a free gift to all who send this form a complete Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit.

POST THE FORM WITHOUT DELAY.

CUT THIS OUT.

To the
Edwards' Harlene Co.,
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—In accordance with your offer in to-day's *Pearson's Weekly* will you please forward me entirely as a free gift the Complete Hair-Drill Outfit?
I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pearson's Weekly, Dec. 20, 1913.

A magnificent coloured presentation plate is given away with the enlarged Christmas Number of the SCOUT. Now on sale.

DAINTY DISHES.

Mulled Ale.

Take a quart of ale and put it in a stewpan with a small tumblerful of rum, one ounce of caster sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. Allow the mixture to come almost to boiling point. This is a favourite drink for very cold weather.

Lemon Rolls.

Take one large egg and the same weight in flour. Whisk the egg, add the flour, beating it to a stiff paste, and one teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon peel while beating. Roll out to one-eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into rounds, and place on a baking tin in a moderate oven till lightly baked. Then while warm roll up over a small skewer, and put back in the oven to get crisp.

Roman Pudding.

Butter a pudding basin and line it with boiled macaroni. Take four ounces each of cold roast beef and ham, an ounce of grated cheese, two eggs, a little milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Add a little grated nutmeg and finely-chopped lemon-peel. Mix all together, and put in the basin. Cover the top with buttered paper, and steam for half an hour.

Hot-Pot.

Take two pounds of the neck of beef, put it into a stewing pan, cover with water, and let it come gently to the boil, removing the scum as it rises. Simmer for an hour, then add two fair-sized onions and one carrot, cut up small, three or four allspice tied in a bag, and pepper and salt to taste. Allow to simmer for three-quarters of an hour, then thicken with flour, and serve hot.

Two Prune Recipes.

Prune Jelly.

Soak half a pound of prunes, and put them into a saucepan with two ounces of white sugar, a little cinnamon, and a piece of lemon-peel. Cover with sufficient water, and stew till tender. Take out the stones and crack them. Then pass the fruit through a sieve, and add the kernels from the stones to the prune pulp. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in cold water, add this to the prunes, and boil all together with a glassful of red wine. Ornament a jelly mould with blanched and split almonds, pour in the jelly, and leave to set. Serve with custard. This is an excellent sweet for children's parties.

Prune Roly-Poly.

Make a light suet paste with a pound of self-raising flour, two teaspoonfuls of caster sugar, and half a pint of milk. Stew half a pound of prunes in water, stone them, roll out the crust, and spread with the stoned prunes. Sprinkle with a little lemon-juice, and add a little grated lemon-rind. Roll up and press neatly together. Stand on a basin in a wide saucepan, and steam for one hour. Serve with sugar.

LUMBAGO.

Mrs. M. Gaiger, of 231, Mayall Road, Herne Hill, London, S.W., says: "I was subject to periodical attacks of lumbago for a number of years. The pains would seize me quite suddenly, and almost drag me to the ground. It nearly broke my back when I stooped to pick anything off the floor. The last bout I had was at the beginning of the year. It was the worst attack I had experienced, and I began to think I should never get rid of the complaint.

"I was advised to try Doan's backache kidney pills, and sent for some. To my delight the pills brought me almost instant relief, and by the time I had taken two boxfuls the lumbago was cured. I took some more pills as a precaution, and I am pleased to tell you there has never been the slightest sign of the lumbago or any other symptom of kidney complaint from that day to this

(Signed) "M. Gaiger."

Severe pain and tenderness in the back and loins, aggravated by motion, and often coming on suddenly, indicate lumbago—a rheumatic condition of the muscles or nerves of the loins. A thorough course of Doan's backache kidney pills will eliminate the excess uric acid which is almost invariably the cause of lumbago and backache.

2/9 a box, six boxes 13/9. *Never sold loose.* Of all chemists and stores, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Don't ask for backache or kidney pills, ask for Doan's backache kidney pills, the same as Mrs. Gaiger had.

Get Your Neck Nice

How to Beautify the Neck and Shoulders.

By MADEMOISELLE JEANNETTE, the Parisian Beauty Specialist.

THE Christmas and New Year dances and other festivities will soon be in full swing, and many of you will, I feel sure, be glad of a few hints on how to make your shoulders white and pretty for the dance.

Spotty Shoulders.

Unfortunately many young girls suffer with spots and pimples on the back of the shoulders, which spoil their appearance in evening dress, and now that Fashion decrees that the back of our décolletage shall be cut lower than the front, a pretty back is a great asset to a girl's appearance.

Indigestion is the Cause.

Very often these spots are caused by indigestion, and those of you who are troubled in this way must take care that your diet is a light and easily digested one. Pork, fatty meats, sweets, and pastries should be left severely alone and very little tea taken—the average woman, let me tell you, drinks far too much tea for either her digestion, complexion, or nerves—and it is better to limit oneself to two cups of tea a day.

The Proper Way to Make Tea.

Tea would not be so bad for either digestion, complexion, or nerves were it poured off five minutes after it has been made. Sufferers from indigestion should have two teapots; make the tea in one and heat the other by allowing boiling water to stand in it while the tea is brewing for the five minutes in the other pot. Then pour the water out of the second pot and pour the tea into it. It is through allowing the leaves to stew in the tea that it becomes indigestible, and if poured into another pot this will be prevented without in any way spoiling the flavour.

Tea made with boiling milk instead of water will be found excellent for the thin, delicate woman, and if poured off after standing five minutes is an ideal drink, nourishing and refreshing.

How to Treat the Shoulders.

When there are many spots or pimples the shoulders should be bathed with warm water every night and a little sulphur ointment rubbed into the pimples and left on. In the morning wash off with warm water and a good soap.

The Night of the Dance.

Bathe the neck and shoulders with warm milk and water, then make a paste with fine oatmeal and warm milk, and rub it well into the skin allowing it to dry on. Leave for fifteen minutes or longer if time permits, then with a piece of soft chamois leather rub the skin till the oatmeal comes off in tiny flakes. This will leave the skin soft and white, and after a slight dusting of toilet powder the neck and shoulders will look their best.

To Whiten a Brown Neck.

A brown neck can be whitened in a few days if bathed every morning after the bath with a mixture of one part peroxide of hydrogen and two parts water. Pat over the skin and allow to dry on. Brown arms can be whitened in the same way, and red, rough arms should be bathed with warm milk and water and given the oatmeal treatment recommended for the shoulders.

The girl with naturally white shoulders can give them a beautiful satin-like appearance by bathing them with a little warm milk (not diluted with water), allowing it to dry on, and then rubbing the skin with a soft old silk handkerchief. After this treatment her shoulders will not even require a dusting of powder to improve them.

(*"Jeannette," will be pleased to answer questions on any subject connected with the toilet. Letters to be addressed "Jeannette" care of Editor,* Pearson's Weekly, *and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*)

A NUMBER YOU MUSTN'T MISS.

CHRISTMAS is the season for fancy-dress parties and theatricals; and if you have any in prospect you must not miss this week's number of HOME NOTES. Besides all the usual features, it contains special "dressing-up" items, such as "My Favourite Fancy Dress," described by six well-known actresses, and an article by Miss Lilian Braithwaite on "Making-Up for Amateur Theatricals." Ask your newsagent for a copy of this week's HOME NOTES.

HOME HINTS.

When Cooking Vegetables,

Do not allow the water to stop boiling, as this spoils the flavour.

When Placing Jellies in a Mould,

Brush the inside of the mould with the white of an egg instead of wetting it, and the jelly will turn out more easily.

To Test Mussels,

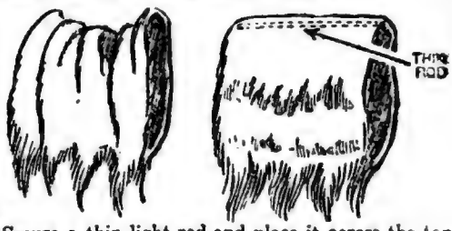
Add an onion when cooking them. Should the onion turn black the mussels should not be eaten, as it is a sign that they are not good.

Frost-Bitten Vegetables

Should be soaked in cold water for one hour before boiling. A piece of saltpetre should be added to the water in which they are cooked.

To Smarten Your Muffs.

THESE two sketches show a very simple way by which ladies can improve the appearance of their muffs when they begin to crease and fold up.



Secure a thin light rod and place it across the top of the inside, just under the lining, as shown in the picture. This will keep the muff extended, and will make it look quite smart.

THREE DOZEN PILLS, 3d.

RELIABLE REMEDIES AT A SMALL COST.

You need not pay unreasonable prices for good medicines. Try those supplied by Shadforth, the Pill Chemist. Each pill is prepared from a physician's prescription, and you are told the names of the ingredients. Better pills are not known, and you will be pleased if you try them.

No one pill can cure a multiplicity of diseases. Mr. Shadforth makes more than 300 varieties of pills, each of which is adapted to a particular ailment. He can, therefore, give you just the pill you require. Here are examples of pills most frequently sold, thirty-six pills in box:—

For biliousness, for coughs, for dropsy, or for wind (flatulency), at 3d. per box; for acne (boils and pimples), for anæmia, for backache (gravel and lumbago), for bronchitis, for colds, for constipation, for eczema, or for headache, at 4d. per box; for asthma, for backache with constipation, for bladder catarrh (cystitis and urethritis), for indigestion, for rheumatism, or for sciatica, at 5d. per box; for bad complexion, for dyspepsia (gastric catarrh), for gout, for influenza, for hysteria, for nasal catarrh, for neuralgia, or for piles, at 6d. per box; for obesity, for thinness with dyspepsia, for bowel and stomach indigestion, for brain fag, for Bright's disease, for diabetes, for nervous debility (damiana and nux vomica), or for undeveloped busts, at 1s. per box; for neurasthenia (phosphorus and lecithin), at 1s. 6d. per box; for nervous debility with loss of flesh (lecithin and coca compound), at 2s. 3d. per box. Blaud's Pills at 4d. per box of 144 pills. All post free.

You can pay more, but you cannot buy better. Send for a box now, and prove their value. Address your letter to Mr. W. Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. P.W. 9), 63 Grove Road, Bow, London, E.

A REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

By the Editor of *Health News.*

Sufferers from acidity, heartburn, fermentative dyspepsia, and gastric catarrh are recommended to try the following prescription: Bismuth subnitrate (2 grains), dried carbonate of soda (2 grains), gingerine (¼ grain), in one pill. This prescription possesses carminative, antacid, and healing powers, and does not purge the bowels. Avoid fried and starchy foods for a few days, take two pills ten minutes before each meal, and you will soon have relief. A box containing 36 may be obtained post free for 6d., from Mr. Wm. Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist (P.W. 11), 63 Grove Road, Bow, London, E.

Winter Chest Troubles

Colds & Bronchitis Kept at Bay by PEPS

THE weak-chested individual has cause no longer to fear winter, for by means of the new breathe-able Peps tablets, the proper way to strengthen the throat, chest, and lungs, and make them cold-resisting, has now been provided.

When a sudden sneeze tells that the cold-germ has attacked you, or an exhausting coughing bout shows revival of old bronchial trouble, the best thing to do is to take Peps at once.

Unless killed off by Peps, the "cold-germs" work their way down to the bronchial tubes and cause bronchitis; often they go right into the lungs and start pneumonia, or even so weaken the lungs that the latter become an easy prey to the deadlier germs of consumption. Peps keep trouble off the lungs by quick and direct breathe-able treatment, and the worst weather can be faced without fear of evil consequences.

The arrow indicates the passage down which the Peps medicine (represented by dotted lines) to have shed direct into the lungs. The shaded passage leads to the stomach, and to the one taken by liquid medicines and the juices of ordinary lozenges.

That is why it is the safest plan now to always carry a box of Peps to arrest a cold in the first stages.

Peps are particularly necessary at Christmas time, when other precautions against catching cold are apt to be forgotten in the excitement of the festive hours. A little Peps tablet in the mouth when you go out into the chilly night or raw morning air, after a party or ball, will provide *splendid protection for the throat and chest.*

Peps are never sold loose, only in sealed boxes. The name PEPS is printed on the box lid, and stamped on every tablet. Obtainable of all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. a box; post free at the same prices from The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.

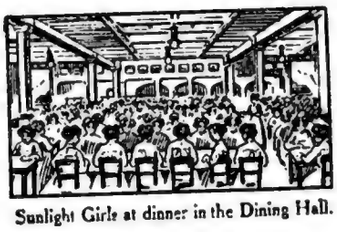
"*I'm just a Sunlight Girl*

—one of many hundreds engaged in putting the finishing touches to Sunlight Soap ere it is despatched on its mission of cleanliness. From 8 to 5 o'clock I'm busy—from Monday morning till Saturday midday I'm busy—handling

SUNLIGHT SOAP

tablets, and every single tablet I touch is guaranteed pure. The Soap is tested in the laboratories before it reaches this department, but neither here nor anywhere in the works is there a loophole for impurity to creep in. Our department is bright, clean and healthy. Our overalls are washed in the Sunlight Laundry free of charge."

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



Sunlight Girls at dinner in the Dining Hall.

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

B 192 15

PALS ON HIRE FOR XMAS.

READERS have long been familiar with the professional guest who is hired from an agency to fill an odd place at a dinner-table. But of late the system has extended itself along lines little suspected by the general public who are unfamiliar with the resources of the "agent."

Suppose you are giving a Christmas party, and are willing to incur a little extra expense to insure that everything shall go "with a swing," and your guests thoroughly enjoy themselves, you might, perhaps, be tempted to engage an ordinary professional entertainer, but reflection will show that this practice lays itself open to many objections. In the first place it looks as if you despaired of your own powers of entertainment, or were too indifferent to exert your own wit.

Moreover, the recognised professional condenses his "show" into an hour at most. The party does not "settle down" until he arrives; and when he has finished there is a sort of flat feeling that the evening's amusement is over.

The professional "pal" steps into the breach. He is really an ordinary entertainer. But he poses as a very old long-lost friend of yours who has just turned up in time to join your Christmas party.

From the outset a certain amount of interest is aroused in his personality. This he carefully fosters over the dinner-table, telling some amusing stories about your alleged youthful escapades.

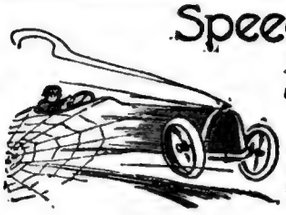
By the time dessert is reached he has established himself as a thoroughly amusing fellow. He then proceeds quite naturally to show a few tricks he has picked up during his wanderings.

Your other guests, unaware that they are "up against" the professional element, are tempted to come forward with their own little tricks, which they would certainly have shyly suppressed before an avowed conjuror.

Moreover, they are less critical and receive the little sallies of your supposed pal with genuine enthusiasm.

Geniality is infectious; one thing leads to another, and your party is a howling success by virtue of a little innocent deception on your part.

Speed Lust is Dying



Motor-Cars, Aeroplanes, and Motor-Boats have Reached the Limit.

RECENT years have produced a number of machines upon which men have been able to travel at speeds, which a short time back would have been considered almost incredible.

As a result speed records in various forms of sport have slowly crept up until now a hundred miles an hour is an ordinary rate of travel. But there are many signs that this lust for speed is coming to an end. Speed records are not likely to advance much further, in fact contests of this kind will probably be dead in ten years' time.

The reason for this state of affairs is that any attempt to break existing speed records, on whatever form of machine it may be made, is so hazardous an undertaking, that few sportsmen are willing to take the risks without the bait of a large pecuniary reward. And the latter, promoters nowadays will not offer, and constructors of speed machines will not produce machines suitable for such speed work.

It's All Up if the Tyres Burst.

Motoring provides an excellent example of this tendency to kill speed contests. A few years ago motor-racing was in its prime. Now the sport is almost dead. The leading motor constructors will not build high-speed racing cars and crack drivers, such as S. F. Edge, who some years back gave up motor-racing, will not enter such contests.

Constructors have come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle. The ability of a car to travel at a hundred miles an hour is no longer considered a proof of its perfection—it is merely a demonstration of the wearing possibilities of the tyres on the machine, for it is on these that the success of the racing car almost entirely depends.

No skill or good workmanship in the world can save a motor-racer if his tyres burst; instance how Percy Lambert, the racing crack, was killed at Brooklands recently in a magnificent specimen of a speed machine solely through his tyre bursting.

Even in America the home of motor-racing, the sport is dying, largely through the enormous risk of trying to break speed records. For over two hundred drivers were killed in America during four years of motor track racing, seven being killed and sixteen injured at one meeting alone.

In aviation circles speed flying for competition purposes is being stopped. In the Gordon-Bennet Cup Race the great annual speed event for aeroplanes, the speeds of the winners has each year leapt up until this year it was won by Prevost on a Deperdussin racing monoplane at the rate of over one hundred and ten miles an hour.

But now the promoters of this contest have killed this rapid advancement of aerial speed records.

Tiny Wings Means Pace.

Next year every machine which enters must be able to fly at a minimum speed of just over thirty miles an hour. This means that each entrant will have to pilot an aeroplane with a big expanse of wing surface to enable it to support itself at the slow speed of thirty miles an hour. The secret of the hundred miles an hour machines is their tiny wing expanse, which allows them to hurtle through the air with little air resistance, but they cannot fly much under sixty miles an hour, so that they will be barred from future contests of this kind.

Motor-boat racing is another form of speed contest which is not likely to break any more records. Of recent years the rate of travel of these vessels has jumped from fourteen to fifty miles an hour, but now the limit is regarded as reached.

A motor-boat travelling at fifty miles an hour is extremely difficult to control, as it is likely to swerve out of control in choppy water.

The motor-cycle is another machine which above a speed of sixty miles an hour is extremely tricky to handle or "hold up," as it is termed. It is quite common to see contestants in this form of sport padded and wearing aviation helmets, so great is the risk of broken bones. Hence motor-cycle races are not likely to advance much further.

Cream, Sugar

—with a coating of lovely chocolate. That's what Clarnico Chocolated Lily Caramels are made of. That's why they are so irresistible.

CLARNICO

Ask for the New Chocolated Ones.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbronze" gives this tint, indetectable, harmless, genuine, 1/1½, 2/9, and 10/6.—Sunbronze Laboratories, Malden, Surrey.

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YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 90 Aldersgate Street, London.

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TWELVE DAINTY FOUR-FOLD XMAS GREETING CARDS, tied with cord, your name and address printed to order; well worth 2/6 a dozen. Publisher's first cost price for the 12, with envelopes to fit, 1/-; 18 for 1/4; or 2/3 for 1/9.—Illustrated price list post free.—Sydney George, George Street, Birmingham.

SPEECHES.—Those to whom it is necessary to make a speech occasionally and find a difficulty in doing so, will find "Speeches for all Occasions," by an Oxford M.A., just the book they want. Post free for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPIED; 1 Cab. & 6 Postcards, 1/9.—Francis & Co., 298 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

LETTER WRITING.—Those who want instructions in letter-writing, from applications for a situation to love letters, or on any business or private matters, should obtain "How Shall I Word It?" by C. E. M. Deveraux.—Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DON'T WASH YOUR FACE, GREASE IT, is the advice of a leading London actress famous for her beauty. To thoroughly cleanse the pores and promote the healthy skin condition so essential to beauty, use Peach-Bloom, the refreshing and fragrant skin food. Indispensable for relieving blemishes, dry skin, redness, roughness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 7½d. Sent privately if desired.—Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Hichisson Road, Nunhead, London.

ATCHOO! Make the whole family and all your friends just "sneeze their heads off," without knowing why, with Atchoo, the harmless Electric Snuff, makes Xmas Fun Maker, post free 1s. HUNTERS', Dept. L, 235 High Holborn, London.

Study the Advertisements and when writing to advertisers please mention "P. W."

DICTIONARY OF 1,400 PHRASES

"TORN-TOMBOY'S RAIMENT" (won £20 Tit-Bits, Nov. 22), "BRAVE—EMPIRE BUILDERS" (£100, Oct. 4) and "FREQUENTLY—FOLLY REGRETTED" (£20, Oct. 25), all of which, with hundreds of smaller prizes, have been won with efforts directly taken from our DICTIONARY. Witty and original ideas; valuable suggestions; the only work of its kind; should be in the hands of every competitor. Post free, 7d.

17 YEARS' TEST.

What we can do with Heads or Tails, we can do with Bullets, Bounties, Simplets or Riddles.

	Four weeks.	13 weeks.
Two lines weekly	2s. 0d. ...	5s. 6d.
Four " "	3s. 6d. ...	9s. 6d.
Six " "	4s. 6d. ...	11s. 6d.

Sufficient stamped envelopes must be sent.

MANAGER, 58 Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, LONDON. (Established 1897.)

HOW 'TECS SHADOW COMMERCIALS

COMMERCIAL travellers, as a class, are as honest as the rest of mankind. But there are black sheep in every business, and it is to guard against these black sheep that many large firms employ detectives whose sole business is to shadow their travellers.

Consult the balance-sheets of some of these firms and you will find such an item as "So-and-so's, private inquiry agents, £400." Private inquiry agents, as a matter of fact, look upon the houses that employ a large number of "commercials" as a steady source of income.

The most ingenious methods are employed by the detective who is called upon to shadow suspects. The day the traveller leaves town for his usual weekly round he is shadowed to the station by the detective, suitably disguised. More often than not this disguise is changed again in the train, and they must be so chosen as to cause no suspicion in the traveller's mind.

One thing more than another which big firms have to guard against is for their commercial travellers to use their time pushing and selling another firm's goods. This the wily detective discovers, and reports at once. One of his favourite methods is to take the place of the man who usually drives the commercial's cab.

In this manner he is able to accompany the commercial on his rounds, noting his places of call, and seeing whether they tally with the list sent him by the traveller's employers, and is able to learn all that he wishes to know. Another trick is to make the same rounds as the traveller, but on the following day.

"I am very sorry," he will say to the tradesman, as he presents the firm's card, "but we sent our Mr. So-and-so out yesterday with our old quotation lists by mistake. These are the new ones."

The tradesman produces the list of prices agreed upon by the commercial the day before, and in a few minutes the suspect's guilt or innocence is settled, for sometimes the commercial is suspected of selling goods at a higher rate than he should do. When he is found innocent he hears nothing about it. When guilty, his dismissal invariably follows.

Millions Bet by Accident

Four Card Players Quite Unknowingly Ran the Tricks up at Bridge to £20,000 Each.

"BET-YOU-A-MILLION" GATES, the American money-king who died recently, owed his uncommon nickname to a wager laid under exceedingly curious circumstances.

"Bet you a million it doesn't come off!" he heatedly remarked one day in reference to a certain event, during an argument that was being carried on in the smoking-room of one of New York's most exclusive clubs.

"I'll take that bet, Gates," quietly answered his principal opponent in the wordy warfare.

No more was said on either side, but a week later Gates was applied to for payment of the money. The event in question *had* come off. He had lost.

"Lucky" Gates Had To Pay.

The millionaire pleaded that the phrase was a favourite one of his, he had formed a habit of repeating it on every possible occasion in order to clinch an argument, and he never had any idea of its being taken seriously. But the other man insisted. He said that he had all along regarded the bet as a genuine one, offered and accepted in good faith between gentlemen, and that had he lost he would have and could have paid without demur.

Eventually the matter was referred to a special committee of clubmen. They decided against Gates, and he paid the money—£200,000. He had no option in the matter, in fact, for had he persisted in his refusal after the finding of the committee, it would have meant social ostracism.

An incident on somewhat similar lines—although the amount of money involved was very much smaller—occurred some little time back at a well-known London sporting club. A boxing match was in progress, and one of the men appeared to be hopelessly beaten.

"A hundred pounds to a cigar on So-and-so!" yelled an excited club member.

"Taken!" quietly retorted another member at his elbow. At that moment the apparently beaten boxer lashed blindly out and caught his opponent unawares on the point of the jaw, sending him to ground, where he lay like a log until he was counted out. The loser paid up.

It would seem impossible for two partners in a friendly game of cards, when the points were a few pence only, to lose £20,000 on a single trick without either side being in the least aware of what was happening. Yet this is actually what occurred one evening in March, 1912, on board the *Olympic*, during her voyage from New York to Plymouth.

It was in no sense a sharping transaction. The players—there were four of them—were men of standing in the American business world, and were fairly well acquainted with one another.

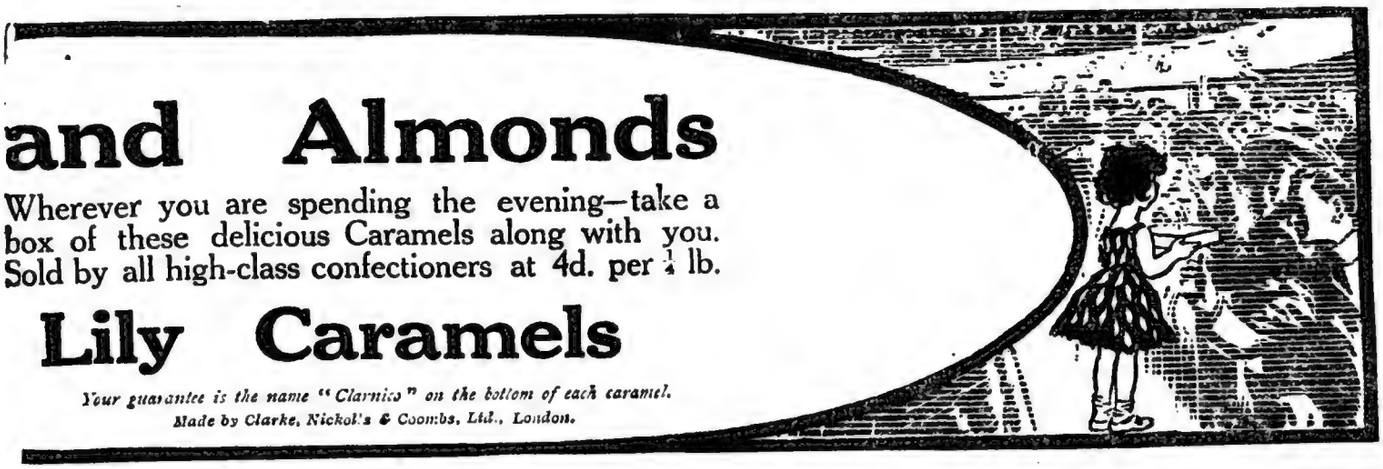
The game they were playing was bridge, and the points were five cents (2½d.) each. They played freely; that is to say, they were calling on light hands, and doubling each other's declarations with the smallest justification.

At length one player named a heart call, for which each trick counts eight. The other side doubled, the original caller promptly redoubled, only to be doubled again in his turn, and this went on until the value had multiplied eighteen times. The hand was then played, and resulted in the loss of the odd trick by the man who had called hearts.

Settled by the First-Class Passengers.

The players then started to calculate what the odds were worth, and found, to their utter amazement, that by their reckless redoubling against one another they had increased the value of hearts from eight to 2,097,152. Consequently each trick was worth over £20,000.

The losers said this was absurd; that none of them had realised what they were doing. Eventually the matter was referred to an informal court of honour, selected from amongst the more notable of the first-class passengers. The judgment was that the two losers should each pay £100 for the odd trick.



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By adopting my simple system you can put inches on your height in three months. No apparatus, No medicine, Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars to Professor PROWSE, Specialist in the Increase of Height, 16 North End Chambers, Croydon.
N.B.—Ladies should send three penny stamps for my Height and Beauty Course.

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Stock Exchange operations thoroughly explained, also Call Option. How to open an account with limited risks. How to avoid Broker's commissions. Contains highest and lowest sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers:
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Don't remain Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'
Get well the 'Wincarnis' way—the quick, sure and safe way to health. 'Wincarnis' creates *new* health, *new* strength, *new* blood, *new* nerves, and *new life*. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—*all in one*. And remember, you are *safe* in taking
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TRIAL BOTTLE FREE Enclose three penny stamps for free trial bottle to COLMAN & CO. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich

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The Scales of Justice

A NEW SHORT SERIAL.

AN extraordinary case occurred recently, and was reported in the daily papers, of a girl, a known sleep-walker, who awoke from a dream in which she struggled with her mother and succeeded in pushing her over a steep cliff. Imagine her horror on going to her mother's room to find that she was indeed dead. Fortunately, the doctors were able to certify that heart disease, from which she had long suffered, was the sole cause of death, and the girl's dream was simply a remarkable coincidence.

As you know, our novelists frequently use actual incidents in real life round which to weave their romances, and in our new short serial, which starts next week, the author has taken this striking incident as the keynote of a most powerful story.

Its title is "She Thought She was a Murderess," and readers of *P.W.* will remember the author, Charles O'Mahony, as the clever writer of "Professor Jephcott's Cases," the popular series which ran in the cerise-coloured one a few months ago.

A KEEN NOSE.

J. L. P.'s nose is troubling him, and as it sometimes troubles other people he has decided to trouble me with particulars of it. "I have a very keen sense of smell," he writes, "so much so that I smell my food, as it were, instead of tasting it. If I don't like the smell of anything I can never bring myself to eat it. I can, for instance, detect different varieties of potatoes, even after they have been cooked, by the smell, and tell the ingredients of soup, even if the usual smell is hidden by curry. This is sometimes very awkward for me, especially when I am visiting some friend, for the smell of many cooked foods prevents me from eating them and the good housewife thinks her cooking is at fault, whereas it is my nose."——

I should say that such a keen sense is very unusual, J. L. P., as well as being awkward, as you say. But yours is just the sort of nose for some occupations. Many people with sharp noses earn large salaries as wine and tea-tasters, or as experts in the flavours of cigars. Such sensitive noses are rare, and if I were you I should put yours to a more paying use than turning it up at the smell of food.

ARTIFICIAL EGGS.

DOUBTFUL had just finished his breakfast a few days ago, when an argument started which can only be settled, so DOUBTFUL says, "by an appeal to the Arbitration Court of *Pearson's*." "The argument," he says in his letter, "was on the manufacture of eggs. My brother said eggs were made by the thousand, and you could always tell an artificial egg from a real one by these two facts: First, it would never boil hard, however long you kept it in the water, and, secondly, you could never get the yolk out without breaking it. To say the least, I was a bit doubtful about this, but was howled down. Am I right?"——

You are, DOUBTFUL. I have certainly never heard of an artificial egg, though I have tasted some that few hens would own up to! If any readers would like to send me a manufactured egg, carefully packed in a bomb-proof case, with full particulars of the way it is made, I should be delighted to see it. But I have always understood that there were only three kinds of eggs in the world—fresh eggs, shop eggs, and eggs.

WHAT SHOULD HE PAY?

YOUTHFUL READER has attained the proud distinction of earning his own living, but with the added responsibilities of life have come a number of worries, the chief of which amounts to: "What should he pay his parents at home?" "I am getting 12s. a week," he writes, "and they say that I ought to give them 8s a week. Don't you think that that is very unfair? By the time I am earning £3 a week they will be wanting two of it."——

Don't be silly, YOUTHFUL READER! Your parents are not out to make as much money out of you as possible, and 8s. a week is certainly not an unfair amount. You wouldn't get a comfortable home and food for that amount anywhere else, and if you can get it with your parents, then think yourself lucky. As for your last statement, by the time you are earning £3 a week you will probably be married and your wife will take £2 19s. 6d. of it!

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE.

HERE is another little love problem which appears, at first sight, to be a very familiar one. "I have fallen in love with an engaged girl," writes DISHONOURABLE, "and she with me. We both feel that we are doing a great injustice to the man to whom she is engaged, and we have tried to avoid meeting one another as far as possible. But we live in the same district, and we can't help meeting fairly regularly. It wouldn't matter so much if her sweetheart was just an average man, but he is one of the best, and straightforward in everything. The girl and myself have decided that the best thing is for me to go right away, move into another district, and she on her part will continue the engagement without telling her sweetheart anything. Do you think we are acting rightly, or should we tell him?"——

I don't think you are acting rightly, and I do think you should tell him, DISHONOURABLE. If you and the girl are really in love with one another, then it is unfair to let her marry the other man, for he is bound to find out sooner or later. You say that he is straightforward—well, you be the same. If he is wise he will give the girl her choice of you or him, and then you can both do your best to win her. If it is merely a passing fancy on the part of yourself and the young lady, you will recognise it during the next few months.

AN F.A.F. STORY.

THE following letter from DIDASKELOS tells its own story. "Inclosed please find 3s. 2d. for the Fresh Air Fund," he writes. "This is not a contribution of my own, but one raised by a boy of twelve years at the school at which I am a teacher.

"To tell the story clearly, I was glancing at my *Pearson's* one day when the paper appealing for contributions to the Fresh Air Fund fell out. A small boy who was passing picked it up and offered it to me, but I thoughtlessly told him to throw it away. A short time afterwards he came to me and asked if he could collect for the F.A.F., and, of course, I readily encouraged the idea. Since that time he has been collecting from his friends and has added a little himself from his pocket money."——

Thank you, DIDASKELOS. I am only too glad to receive and acknowledge contributions to the Fresh Air Fund during the winter months, because such contributions make a splendid start for the New Year. The Fresh Air Fund never stops. It is always thinking of the kiddies, and as soon as one year's programme is finished with, another is put in hand, and long before the summer comes round preparations have been made for taking out into the country many thousands of slum children. So you see that ninepence is as welcome during the winter months as it is during the summer ones.

IN A BUNDLE OF "PEARSON'S."

A. T. H. lives in South Africa, close to Port Elizabeth, to be more precise, and sends me a letter which really should have gone to my friend, the Editor of THE SMALLHOLDER. Still it was addressed to me, so I shall answer it. "Here is a queer coincidence," he writes. "I have been trying for some time to place my hands on an automatic contrivance for opening fowl-houses at dawn, and so save me the trouble of getting out of bed at unearthly hours to release the hens. Try as I could, however, I failed to get what I wanted, and I definitely abandoned the idea altogether. That very day I received a bundle of *Pearson's Weekly*. You know, they don't come every Monday morning as in England, but at odd intervals, four and five at a time with other papers. With my *Pearson's Weekly* this time was inclosed a copy of THE SMALLHOLDER, a paper, I frankly confess, I had never heard of before. And there, as soon as I had opened it, stared me in the face particulars of an automatic fowl-house opener. Moreover, I am a keen farmer, and I found half a dozen other things I wanted described in the number. For the future THE SMALLHOLDER will come along with *Pearson's Weekly* regularly."——

You are not the only Colonial reader who would find THE SMALLHOLDER a mine of useful information on everything connected with farming or smallholding in any way, A. T. H. From model rabbit hutches to the latest methods of rearing poultry, from the cultivation of mangel-wurzels to the best ways of growing sweet peas, comprises THE SMALLHOLDER'S weekly fare. Like *Pearson's Weekly*, the nimble penny buys it.

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Thirty Prizes Must be Won this Week.

Percy Meets a Burglar.

PERCY VERE DE VERE is very, very brave when he's talking. He's always boasting about what he'd do, for instance, if he met a burglar. The other night, however,

Percy woke up in bed with a start,
On his face shone a burglar's light;
He trembled with fear as the burglar drew near
And said, in tones shaking with fright:

. . . . . .

Well, what did Percy say to the burglar? Not more than ten words. You need not trouble to rhyme with the verse. For the ten best sayings we will give Silver Watches. Mark postcards "Burglar." See conditions below.

Stylo Pens for Sentences.

WE want a sentence of not more than ten words each word of which must be made up of letters from the words, "Pearson's Publications." No letter in a word may, of course, be used more than once unless it appears more than once in "Pearson's Publications." Here is an example sentence:

"Public Opinion Places Pearson's At Top."

The sentence should have some bearing on our papers. For the ten best sentences we will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Public." See conditions below.

For the Ladies.

WE want a good recipe for a Christmas party, after the style of a recipe for a Christmas pudding. Here is the idea:

"Take a good-sized room, fill it with as many k-nuts and cheerful flappers as it will hold. Mix them well and stir them up with ragtime songs. Decorate with bunches of mistletoe and holly leaves," and so on.

For the ten best recipes on similar lines we will give Ladies' Purses. Mark postcards "K-nut Recipe." See conditions below.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these surprize column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, December 23.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

SUR—PRIZES COLUMN RESULTS.

"BOXING" CONTEST.

A last line was required to the following verse describing the latest doings of "Percy":

When he entered the ring he felt sure
He'd knock his opponent right out;
But a blow on the chin laid him flat,
And his friends began loudly to shout:

The winners of the ten watches offered for the best lines submitted were as follows:

D. Elder, 70 Rodney St., Edinburgh; R. A. Flew, G.W.R. Offices, Swindon; J. F. Heaps, "Wheatcrop," Matlock Bath; F. Harman, 6 Holiday Sq., Margate; E. Jennings, 61 Hanover Rd., Willesden; J. Macdonald, 11 Seymour Place, Dudhope St., Dundee; G. Maddox, 41 Alberta St., Longton; J. Maguire, Wireless Station, Roseyth; W. V. D. Mathews, Crafthole, Cornwall; G. W. Ward, 54 Wadsley Lane, Sheffield.

"WELLER" CONTEST.

In this contest competitors were asked to contribute original "Wellerisms," and for the best ten received the prizes of stylo pens have been thus awarded:

B. Anthony, Portland Cottage, Ashford Rd., Swindon; R. J. Bateman, Oakfield, Crouch Hill, N.; N. H. Cayless, Evenlode School, Moreton-in-Marsh; W. Griffiths, 43 Robinson St., Llanelly; P. Holeywell, 42 Grange Cottage, Papplewick; J. R. Kirk, 179 Isledon Rd., Finsbury Park, N.; D. Snelling, 67 The Grove, Hammersmith; F. Triggs, 74 Kimberley Rd., Southsea; J. Walker, 15a Royal Cres., Edinburgh; C. J. Williams, 78 Tatton Rd., Aintree, Liverpool.

"TANGO" CONTEST.

Lady readers were invited to give an opinion of a Tango dance and tea supposed to have been written by "Mrs. Grundy." The prize of a pair of scissors has been sent to each of the following ten winners for the best attempts sent in:

Mrs. A. Anderson, Ivy Lea, Baildon; Mrs. Ashman, 97 Stanhope Gardens, Harringay; Miss A. Barrows, 37 Constitution Hill, Birmingham; Miss E. Benning, Uplands, Sidcup Hill, Sidcup; Mrs. S. R. Bowden, 279 All Saints' Rd., Wolverhampton; Mrs. R. Solly, 13 Ivydale Rd., Nunhead; Mrs. L. Jones, 79 Kingscourt Rd., Streatham; Mrs. A. Lauren, 77 Durban Rd., Walford; Mrs. J. M. Lycett, Clewshaw Lane, King's Norton; Miss M. Walker, 15a Royal Cres., Edinburgh.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

WASTING AWAY.

Hopelessly Paralysed and Kidneys Affected—Fed as he Lay. Another Miraculous Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Master M'Kean, Rutherglen.

One of the most remarkable recoveries from spinal paralysis ever recorded is that of the little 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kean, of 13 Greenbank Street, Rutherglen. The case was considered hopeless, and death thought to be inevitable, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets restored the child to bright, active health.

Speaking to an interviewer recently, Mrs. M'Kean said: "About three years ago I noticed that my little boy—he was then six—was losing the power of his limbs and back. This grew steadily worse till the whole of one side was paralysed. He could not stand, could not move a muscle of the arm and leg affected. Medical opinion was that the trouble must have been brought on by a fall or a terrible fright, and that the case was hopeless. We might make up our minds to lose the child at any time.

"We took him to the infirmary after that, where he was detained, but came out as bad as ever. We continued to take him there as an out-patient, but no good came of it. He was in great pain at times and often I have had to get up in the night to attend to him. Indeed, he was a constant anxiety day and night. He got so low and weak that he could take nothing solid, and had to be kept alive on soda and milk, with a few drops of brandy added. Naturally he wasted to a shadow; we were almost afraid to turn him in bed. His bowels and kidneys were affected, and altogether he was in a pitiable condition. For eight whole months we had to feed him as he lay.

"We never thought he could possibly recover. But we did our best, nevertheless, trying one thing and another, and in the end we got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then the change came. He began to eat, and gradually to brighten up and put on flesh. Soon power returned to his arms and legs, and after quite a short course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets he was able to run about again and play. This after more than a year of suffering. He is now bright and well."

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd. (Box A37), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

strengthen and restore every organ of the body, re-establish the vital forces, give tone to the nerves, and generate new life for the whole system. They act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Nerve and Spinal Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, and General Bodily Fatigue, Brain Fag, and all run-down conditions. They are quite safe for even the youngest child or most delicate invalid. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at **10½d., 1s. 1½d.,** and **2s. 9d.** The 2s. 9d. size is the most economical.

THE-TIN-YOU CON-TIN-UE.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa

"Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

4½d. per ¼lb. tin.

(The Yellow and Red Label.) "THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.

EXCLAMATIONS OF DELIGHT

FROM PRIZE WINNERS IN

JOHN BULL, ANSWERS, TIT-BITS, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, IDEAS, LONDON MAIL

£500 EVERY WEEK for First Prizes.

IT'S FREE.

£500 WON FIVE TIMES AND OVER £10,000

in Smaller Prizes by the Competitors' Mutual Society.

Send the Coupon below for

TWO FIRST PRIZE WINNING EFFORTS, also copy of the PRIZE WINNERS' CHRONICLE, giving PROOF of wins by hundreds of members in all Papers. Enclose stamped addressed envelope (or 1d. stamp) and pay on wins as follows:—**5/-** prize **9d.**; **7/6** prize **1/-**; **10/-** prize **1/6**; **£1** or over **2/6** in the £. If you like our efforts you can have a three months' supply on our **NO WIN—NO PAY SYSTEM.**

FREE SUCCESS COUPON

Efforts wanted for .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Address to Superintendent, Competitors' Mutual Society, 26 North Bar W., Beverley.

In every walk of life

Wood-Milne **rubber heels** are an unfailing boon especially when you're on your feet all day. City Men, Travellers, Salesmen, Canvassers, Postmen—*all* men *and* women—in every walk of life would finish up the fresher and fitter for having Wood-Milnes on their heels.

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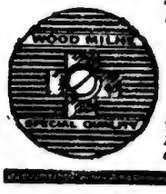
RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS.

"Wood-Milnes" being made from better quality Rubber than the rest, wear the longest, are the most resilient and the most satisfactory.



The Wood-Milne 'Special' is the finest rubber heel on the market. There are other 'Wood-Milnes,' in many shapes and sizes, at prices to suit all. *The 'White Chief' Golf Ball at 2/- is guaranteed equal to any 2/6 ball made.*

£21,000

WON IN EIGHT MONTHS

by readers of the great 24 pp. weekly,

THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL.

Edited by Arthur C. Findon.

This sum represents in cash—principally in premier prizes—the amount which "C. J." readers have won through following the advice and taking advantage of the hints given in "The Competitors' Journal." On November 8th it was announced at the "C. J." Readers' Dinner, held at the Holborn Restaurant, that to date £20,000 had been won by Ceejayites. Since that date one of our readers has secured the first prize of £500, and another has captured a premier in "John Bull," which, with other smaller wins, brings the total to £21,000.

SOME FACTS:—

Mr. Perry, of St. Austell, the winner of "John Bull's" first £1,000, wrote: "I am of the opinion that a large number of competitors would benefit by studying its contents."

Mr. A. Hatchard, a £500 "Bullets" winner, wrote: "I shall never attempt current competitions without the last issue of the 'C. J.' in hand."

Capt. Lane, a £500 winner in "Answers," wrote: "I want to thank you for the advice and help which I have obtained through reading your paper."

Mr. D. Pierson, a first prize winner in "Pearson's Weekly" and a third prize winner in "John Bull," wrote: "I consider it a valuable aid to competitors."

We have received many other unsolicited testimonials from other £500, £100, £50, and £25 winners.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW.

SUPPORT THE PAPER THAT SUPPORTS YOU.

"John Bull" describes "The Competitors' Journal"

"A UNIQUE PUBLICATION."

"The Competitors' Journal" will be sent post free for one year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.; or one month, 6d.

THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL, Glasshouse St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

Coach-Builder and Farmer Share Big Prize.

THEY BOTH SENT IN THE SAME "MIDDLE" AND CARRIED OFF THE £2 A WEEK IN CONTEST No. 93.

CORNWALL COACH-BUILDER THOUGHT IT WAS A "HOAX."

"You are early this morning," said the One and Only, as Mr. P. Doubleyou strolled in at ten o'clock. But that useful member of the staff of *Pearson's Weekly* is accustomed to sarcasm, so, instead of answering back, he stood in respectful silence on the mat, awaiting the great man's commands.

"In consideration of your early rising," continued the Editor, "I am going to reward you. What do you say to the Cornish Riviera? It will buck you up. You've just time to catch the ten-thirty Cornish Riviera Express, the finest train in the world. Hope you have a good time. You'll get instructions from the sub-editor."

"No," said the sub. afterwards. "You're not going to have a week off. You are going to interview Mr. Albert Jeffery, of Shutta, Looe, Cornwall, who takes half the 'big prize.'"

"I thought it was a hoax when I got your telegram saying you were coming," said Mr. Jeffery, who met Mr. P. Doubleyou at Looe station, "and I and all my friends here have been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the London train.

"We never expected a prize to come here," said the "Middles" winner. "To tell you the truth, we weren't quite certain that the Editor had ever heard of Looe! The nearest a big *Pearson's* prize has been is Liskeard, ten miles away, when a reader once won £270; that was a few years ago."

First Prize On Christmas Day.

"How long have you been competing, Mr. Jeffery?"

"Well, off and on, I have entered *Pearson's* competitions ever since they ran competitions. But it was not till 'Middles' came along that I won anything. Funny enough, my first prize—one of ten shillings—came last December, on Christmas Day. Since then, however, I have only had a small consolation, and I really never expected the biggest prize of all, though I had hopes like everybody else.

"You see, I'm not very clever, really, and you can tell *Pearson's* readers this, that if I can win a big prize they can. You might even head your interview, 'A Duffer Wins the Big Prize.' There's no need for anyone to give up hope after my example, however big duffers they may think themselves; for, I suppose, even duffers have brilliant moments sometimes. And my brilliant moment produced the winning 'Middle'!

"Perseverance is the great thing. The more I tried the better I became. I found one of the greatest helps was studying the winning lines each week and seeing the kind of thing wanted. And I must say that the lines which won were always much better than anything I sent up, and I never begrudged the prize going elsewhere for that reason.

"You come like a Christmas fairy to us and give us fortune just when we want it. I am a coach-builder by trade, but since the railway has been extended to Looe, trade has not been anything like so good as it used to be.

"The money is wanted for another thing, too. I have a boy of about nine, and I naturally want to give him as good a start as possible. It didn't look as though he would get the start I wanted to give him, but, thanks to *Pearson's*, he'll get it now!

"Before you say good-bye I should like to add two things: First, I and all my family, and there are a large number of us, have always had the greatest faith in *Pearson's*. We think that their competitions are not only the simplest, but their awards are the fairest in every way. Second, I want to repeat what I said to you before, and that is, if I can win a prize, then anybody can. All they have got to do is to be persevering—and that brilliant moment will come! The man who *thinks* himself a duffer stands as much chance then as the man who *thinks* himself clever."

FARMER WINS BIG PRIZE.

From Looe in Cornwall to Grantham in Lincolnshire is a long way; but as two minds thus far apart had the same great thought Mr. P. Doubleyou had to spend the best part of two days in the train in order to congratulate each of the winners on their good fortune.

As the address indicated—Earlesfield Farm, Grantham—Mr. J. B. Brown is a farmer.

"This will create some excitement in the town," he said, when congratulations were over. "I have lived in Grantham for forty years, and I think that nearly every farmer for a dozen miles round knows me, as well as a large number of people in the town. And I think that every one of them will begin to go in for 'Middles' now!" he added.

"It's wonderful to me that I should win a big prize, for I never thought I was clever enough to beat everybody else."

"Why did you go in for 'Middles' Mr. Brown?"

"I Never Won Before."

"Well, you see, this farm is very lonely, and as I have a wife and baby I couldn't very well leave them at night and go into Grantham for the sake of amusement. During the evenings, especially autumn and winter, I found time hang heavy on my hands, and I thought I'd go in for 'Middles' just as a recreation, or something to do. And I can tell you that the competition has added to the enjoyment of many an evening.

"Though I sent in each week regularly, I never won a consolation prize of any sort. In fact, this prize is the only one I have ever won in any competition.

"No, I have no particular method in working out my 'Middles.' I make out a list of words and phrases that strike me, and work away at them till I get something that seems worth sending up. 'Chucker Out,' 'The Ballot Box,' came to me quite suddenly.

"I am a very keen politician, as far as a farmer can follow politics that is to say, and I have seen one or two people, who thought it was a certainty they would be elected, 'Chucked Out' when the ballot boxes were emptied, and I suppose the association of the ideas remained in my mind.

"There's one very strong reason why I never expected to win the big prize. The last few years my luck has been dead out, as the saying is. Everything seems to have gone wrong. In the last few months, for instance, I have had three of my waggons accidentally smashed; I lost a valuable cow, and I dropped some money in business.

Badly Needed The Money.

"Then there have been a lot of expenses connected with my farm. A great number of improvements have got to be carried out, for it's a comparatively new farm, and these improvements run away with a lot of money.

"So in one way and another the money has come when I really badly needed it. Most of it, in fact, will be spent on building up the farm and putting it into thorough working order. I honestly think that ill-fortune has said 'Good-bye' to me for good now! It's impossible for me to really thank you enough for the money and to tell you how useful it will be.

"The name of 'Pearson' is a lucky one for me, for I married a Miss Pearson, and she's as good an investment as *Pearson's Weekly* is!

"This is not the first time a Pressman has interviewed me," added Mr. Brown, as he saw Mr. P. Doubleyou off at the station. "I was one of the first men on the scene of the terrible Grantham railway disaster a few years ago, and helped to rescue the passengers from the wrecked carriages.

"There's only one more thing to add, and that is that if one goes on making 'Middles' one will find, sooner or later, one good enough to win a big prize."

(This week the "Middles" prize list is again a big one. Nearly 700 prizes are waiting to be won. Are you going to be one of the winners? Full particulars of the contest are on the next page.)

(Full particulars of the contest are on the next page.)

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 94.

The First Prize of £2 a Week for 5 Years

has been awarded to:

A. N. BRAZIER, 16 Malvern Rd., Newsham Park, Liverpool, for the "Middle":

"ALL OFF"—FIDO DESIGNATED "BEAST."

The Second Prize of £50 has been divided between:

A. MARTIN, 90 Plymouth Place, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, for the "Middle":

"STARVATION"—TOMMY'S TEA-PARTY PRELIMINARY.

and

HENRY ELLIS, Long Lane, Halesowen, Birmingham, for the "Middle":

"STARVATION"—NIPPER TRAINING XMAS-EVE.

The Third Prize of £10 has been awarded to:

C. H. DAVIS, 83 Park Road, Exeter, for the "Middle":

"BETTER UNEXPLAINED"—INVENTION UNTIL PATENTED.

A Graphophone has been awarded to each of the following competitors:

William Taylor, 9 Maxwell Park Villas, Heath Road, Hounslow.
H. B. Dance, "Leander," Newport Road, Cowes, I.W.
Miss M. Godwin, 20 Hamilton Road, Oxford.
T. Hogg, 52 North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.
A. A. Anderson, 42 Moscow Drive, Liverpool.
Thomas Lang, 71 Arley Street, Liverpool.
Mrs. E. Bell, 32 Gilbert Road, Redfield, Bristol.
Frederick Stevens, 8, Kettering Road, Market Harborough.
Miss N. Baber, "Seafield," South Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Robert G. Millar, 2 Wolf Craig, Stirling, N.B.

100 PRIZES OF 10/- EACH.

Albiston, A. C., 6 Huntley Terrace, Rumblingwell, Dunfermline; Anderson, R., 7 Conry Terrace, Milngavie; Andrews, Miss M., 62 Perryfield Street, Maidstone; Ashby, A., 26 Richmond Rd., Ilford; Atkinson, C. R., New Barracks, Limerick; Balsdon, A. E., 8 Grove Place, Garden St., York; Barnes, Miss R. A., 114 Great Union Rd., St. Heliers, Jersey; Barton, T. G., 18 Villiers Rd., Beckenham; Birrell, S. E., Kirdford Vicarage, Sussex; Bisson, C. S., Army Stores, Jersey; Bloss, H., Greetland, Halifax; Butcher, F., 76 Ridley Rd., Sebert Rd., Forest Gate; Carter, L., 28 Mackenzie St., Slough; Casey, J. D., 37 Stuart Rd., Gillingham, Kent; Chambers, Horace, 14 Vernon Rd., Luton, Beds; Chapman, F., 226 Legrams Lane, Bradford, Yorks; Christian, F. P., "Tynedale," Peterborough Rd., Leyton; Coe, A., 42 Fortune Gate Rd., Harlesden; Comfort, T. A., 19 Polworth Place, Edinburgh; Cox, F., Broad Lane, Fillongley, Coventry; Cusworth, C., 231 Park Rd., Aston, Birmingham; Dace, F., 42 Pansy St., Stanley Rd., Liverpool; Daughters, J., 6 Broadmead Rd., Folkestone; Dodson, G., 4 Kenyon Lane, Heaton Park, Manchester; Edmanson, R. W., 175 Spencer Place, Leeds; Ellis, H. E., 26 Wilkie Buildings, Millbank Estate, S.W.; Elston, Wm., 40 North Clifton Street, Lytham, Lancs.; Embury, Miss E., 196 Albert Rd., Handsworth, Birm.; Evans, T. J., 9 Gresford Avenue, Liverpool; Ferguson, Mrs. A., Charleville, Dunoon; Fisher, G. H., 125 Cheriton Rd., Folkestone; Ford, Staff-Sergt. C. E., Post Office, Purbrook, near Cosham, Hants; Flockhart, T., 15 Avenue Square, Newcraighall, Musselburgh; Floodgate, A., 43, Brookwood Rd., Southfields, S.W.; Fortune, E. L., Lansdown Rd., Chalfont St. Peter, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.; Galloway, G. A., 17 Royal Street, Gourock; Gardiner, J., Scole, Norfolk; Gatley, J. O., 42 Everton Road, Birkdale, Southport; Gambold, H. R., 13 Castle St., Swansea; Gibson, G., 54 Upper Queen St., Belfast; Golden, G., "The Crib," Warwicks Bench, Guildford; Golding, I. J., 91 Manila St., Sunderland; Gough, J. S., 32 Granville Rd., Wavertree, Liverpool; Greenwood, H., Brewery Rd., Plumstead; Gregory, E., 17 Victoria Avenue, Alma Park, Levenshulme; Gurd, W., Southdown, Medstead, Hants; Hale, W. T., 44 Edward St., West Bromwich; Hamer Mrs. D., 5 Harbour Hill, Queenstown; Hart G., 3 Levett's Cottages, St. Germain St., Huntingdon; Hirst, Miss A., Branch St., Paddock, Huddersfield; Horne, C. G., 27 Crewys Rd., Child's Hill, N.W.; Ingram, J. A., 47 Arrow St., Lower Broughton, Manchester; Jaques S., 10 St. Mark's Rd., Sunderland; Johnson, J., 108 Blandford St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Johnson Mr., 103 Macoma Rd., Plumstead Common, Plumstead; Jones F., 11a Carlisle St., Sheffield; Larkin, W. J., 18 Lower Cecil St., Limerick; Lipscomb, G., 10 Cedar Terrace, Richmond; Lightbody, T., 189 Pitt St., Glasgow; Lister, J., 32 Roundwood Rd., Willesden; MacEwan, A., Issue Dept., Corporation Offices, 21 Miller Street, Glasgow; Mackie, A. D., 3 Barkview Cottages, Kirkcaldy; Manton, E., 64 Brownlow Rd., Dalston; Martey, H., 111 Moss St., Blackburn; Mayncord, E., Ward Terrace, Abbeytown, Cumberland; McCabe, J. A., 15 Surtees St., Sunderland; McKnight, W. F., Kilmarnock Rd., Monkton, Ayr; Michie, J., 12 Mill St., Dunfermline; Monteath, Maude, M., 35 High St., Tillicoultry, N.B.; Newth, W., "Operator" Palace, Callington, Cornwall; Pickering, A., 25 Swallow Lane, Winsford, Cheshire; Price, G., Lance-Sergt. R.M.A., Fort Cumberland, Eastney, Portsmouth; Raisin, W. H., Schoolhouse, R.F.A. Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Ramm, J., 17 High St., Islington; Royle, Mrs., 123 West Bromwich Rd., Walsall; Seddon, W., 1 Pool St., Crossens, Southport; Semm, W., 3 Dolphin Road, Beer, nr. Seaton, Devon; Shadick, A., 2 Elsie Villas, Old Rd., Clacton-on-Sea; Spurgeon, G. M., Broadwater, Worthing; Steers, W. B., 45 Plimsoll Rd., Finsbury Park; Stephens, W., 3 Fairfield Terrace, Swansea; Stevens, D., Tramway's Offices, Bristol; Sullivan, jr., J., 3 Newsham Dr., Liverpool; Taylor, H., 20 Pitt St., Gloucester; Terry, C., 66 Tennyson St., Battersea; Triggs, G.C. 21 New Rd., E., Copnor, Portsmouth; Turner, Mrs. E., 27 Hargourt Rd. Redland, Bristol; Turner, J. W., School House, Bledlow Ridge, nr. High Wycombe; Walsh, J. E., School House Didcot; Walter, M., 12 Eastern Rd., Selly Pk., B'ham; White, A. R., 13 Spittal St., Edinburgh; White, E., Sutton Rd., T.S.O., Southend-on-Sea; Whiting, Mrs., Stroud Rd., Gloucester; Whorton, W., Market Place, Norton Canes, nr. Cannock, Staffs.; Wedlake, E. W., The Studio, College Rd., Cork; Williams, Sgt., C., Sgts Mess, Army Service Corps, Woolwich; Williamson, A. H., 66 Marshfield Rd., Goole; Willoughby, R. M., 8 Collingwood Terrace, Whitley Bay; Wonfor, G., 31 Benson St., Cambridge; Woods, T., "Alandale," Kiln Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.

80 PRIZES OF 5/- EACH.

Barnicott, E., Market St., Buckfastleigh, Devon; Bausor, E., 38, Cheviot St., Lincoln; Bevan, P. C., 30, Grenfell Rd., Hereford; Bridle, A. J., 17, Marlborough Rd., Wimbledon Pk., S.W.; Briggs, R. J., 22, Victoria Gdns., Horsforth, Leeds; Bullock, G., 59 Hatherley Rd., Gloucester; Caley J., 114 Ripon St., Lincoln; Clampton, Mrs. T., 15 C. G. Station, Hythe; Cook, G., 1 Hollingworth Avenue, New Moston, Mctr.; Cornish, H., 929 Ashton Old Rd., nr. Openshaw; Cotton, T. L., 47 Avenue Parade, Accrington; Coxhill, J. E., 23 Kensington, Liverpool; Dance, J. G., 12 Bridge St., Stratford-on-Avon; Falkingham, T., 10 St. Walburges St., Preston; George, A. J., Broadway House, Market Lavington; Hamilton, Wm., 11 Leicester Rd., Newport, Mon.

(Remainder of names omitted owing to lack of space. A complete list can, however, be seen at the offices of "Pearson's Weekly.")

Free patterns are given away in this week's **HOME NOTES** in exchange for a coupon.

HAPPY ARE THEY WHO WIN PRIZES IN "MIDDLES."

1st PRIZE £300 | **2nd PRIZE £50** | **3rd PRIZE £10** | **100 Prizes of 10/- each.** | **80 Prizes of 5/- each.**

And 500 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

The adjudication of the attempts in the "Middles" competitions is carried out in such a way that the best lines must win. There is no element of chance. All the entry forms received undergo a preliminary examination by a staff of competent judges, and those lines which show no merit, or which have in any way contravened the rules of the competition, are put aside. The remainder are then again carefully read, and those showing the greatest amount of merit are placed before the Editor who, in consultation with three responsible members of the staff, finally decides the order of merit. This system keeps a staff of judges continually employed.

The method adopted is so thorough and exhaustive that it is quite impossible for any meritorious line to be overlooked. The names and addresses of the competitors are never taken into consideration, and no award is decided arbitrarily on any one opinion. No pains are spared to insure the success of the really best lines.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with any one of the letters contained in the word or phrase you choose, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the phrase "FOUL PLAY." Use, say, the letter "A" as the initial for the first word and, say, "T" and "S" for the second and third, and we get "ANNOYS THE SPECTATORS." Or, using the same phrase "FOUL PLAY," we could use the letter "U" as initial for our first word, and, say, "F" for the second word, and we get "'UPSETS' FOOTBALLERS."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

FOUL PLAY	HEREDITY	TANGO MAD	BIG POT	HALF ALIVE
TRAPPED	ALWAYS BUSY	POOR POSTMEN	BORN POOR	SCOUT'S PLUCK
UNJUST TAX	RISKING LIFE	LONDON POLICEMEN	HAD AGAIN	CHRISTMAS TRA[illegible]
SHARING OUT	EVER READY	MISCHIEF MAKER	A DESERTER	COURTING DISAST[illegible]
MAKING MONEY	FIRST KISS	STAYING POWER	FALSE FRIENDS	DISOBEYING ORDER
FORCED SMILE	GIVEN AWAY	BRITISH BRAVERY	SQUALLING INFANTS	DEVONSHIRE CREAM
SILVER LINING	FRONT SEATS	HOME COMING	SLIPPERY WEATHER	DODGING DETECTIVES
NOT ETIQUETTE	GREAT BEYOND	FOOTBALL BRIBERY	SINGLE BLESSEDNESS	FOOTBALLER'S CHRIS[illegible]

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. [illegible] the space provided. [illegible]
3. When you have filled up the entry form [illegible] attach to it a postal order [illegible] to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 97" in the top left-hand corner.
5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, December [illegible].
6. [illegible] write two "Middles" on each. [illegible] entry forms a postal order [illegible].
7. Everyone [illegible] send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

8. The first prize of £300 will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.
9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those [illegible] merit.
10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and [illegible] will be ignored.
12. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Owing to the intervention of the Christmas holidays, we have made the "Middles" closing date Tuesday, December 30th, instead of Christmas week.

THE RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 94 APPEARS ON PAGE 695.

APPEARS ON PAGE 695.

< .... *Cut across here* ....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES." NO. 97.

97	WORDS SELECTED.	"MIDDLES"
	....	....
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

☞ You may send TWO "Middles" on the above entry form with a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

< .... *Cut across here* ....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES." NO. 97.

97	WORDS SELECTED.	"MIDDLES"
	....	....
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

☞ This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

£13,800 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000	RAILWAY	**INSURANCE.** (For terms see below.)
£100	RAILWAY	
£100	CYCLING	
£100	AEROPLANE	

50? CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims of £1,000** each [illegible] for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the [illegible] train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including [illegible] servants in railway [illegible]), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding an ordinary cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonths' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature ....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, December 15th, 1913, until midnight Monday, December 22nd, 1913.

THE OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

offers to Professional and Business Men, through its up-to-date Policies, complete protection against the many risks of Accident and Sickness to which All are exposed.

Head Office: MOORGATE ST., LONDON.

Xmas Wouldn't be Xmas

without good cooking, and to have really excellent fare you should buy the December number of HOME COOKERY, which contains thirty-two pages of recipes and household articles.

HOME COOKERY

will tell you how to make your mince pies, ice the Christmas cake, and prepare goodies of all kinds

GIVE IT TO YOURSELF FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX.

Printed by GEORGE BINNEY DIBBLEE, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd. at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BIG WINS EVERY WEEK

IN ALL CONTESTS.

2 More "Answers" Premiers, Dec. 6th.

"SWEETLY SIMPLE—SCHOOLBOY 'HOWLERS' ESPECIALLY."

"A FAIRY TALE—AVERAGE INCOME-TAX ENTRY.

19 more Premiers won since Sept. 27th to date in "Answers," "Tit-Bits," "John Bull," and "Your Favourite Paper."

"ALL FOR HIM—AXIOM OBSESSING MIDDLEMAN."
'MY BEST GIRL—MOUTH BEE'S LURE."
"RIVAL POLITICIANS—'RUBBISH' NOBODY SHOOTS."
"HANDS WANTED—HOWLING BO'S'UNS DENOTE."
"MONEY TIGHT—MIRAGE 'MIRAGE' THEN."
"RUGBY FOOTBALL—REAL 'TRY'-ERS LIKED."
"HARK AT HIM—'HEAVILY-BURDENED' MILLIONAIRE."
"BROKEN OFF"—BY WHISTLE—FOOTBALL."
"GENTLE DESCENT—GREATLY OVERAWES TRADESPEOPLE."
"APPRENTICES—ASHORE 'AT SEA'."
"SENT HOME—SIMPLY INDISPENSABLE EMPLOYEE."
"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN—DINER CUT TONGUE."
"HENPECKED HUSBAND—SMOKES IN COALSHED."
"SAVOUR—SALT'S VIRTUE."
"CHUTNEYS—SPICY CONDIMENTS."
"APPROACH—HERALD ANNOUNCES."
3 GRAMOPHONES for NELSON, ST. HELENS, and RHYMNEY CLIENTS.

A record sequence of successes unequalled by any other competition journalist during the past 13 weeks.

For Record Big List of 19 Big Wins from £50 to £500 see my last week's advertisement in "Pearson's Weekly."

FREE TRIAL EFFORTS

supplied to any person who has not previously tried my efforts. Readers must state in letter of application that they agree to pay 5/- in the £ on any prize won with FREE EFFORTS, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

All Efforts I Supply are Exclusive and Evolved to Catch the Judge's Eye.

TERMS (Any Contest):

"WINNING SPECIALS" (equal to my FIRST PRIZE WINNERS), 2 for 1/-; 4 for 1/6; 8 for 3/-, and stamped address.

MONTHLY TERMS: 2 "Winning Specials" weekly, 3/-; 4 weekly, 5/6; 6 weekly, 8/-; 8 weekly, 10/-, and 4 stamped addressed envelopes.

Stamped Addressed Envelopes for all Replies. 15 per cent. commission on all wins over £1 in value.

Competition Journalist,
PEARSON HELLIWELL, Stechford, BIRMINGHAM

£500

WON IN "TIT-BITS."

"Respected—Ready Cash."

This line was SUPPLIED BY MAURICE RAYMOND to Mrs. Middleton, 2 St. Paul's Street, Stamford, and

WON £500 IN "TIT-BITS," NOV. 22nd.

RAYMOND is the only solutionist who has ever won **"TIT-BITS" £500 PRIZE UNDIVIDED.**

RAYMOND wins where others fail; look at his

"JOHN BULL" GRAND PREMIERS:

"GROWING RESPONSIBILITIES—INCENTIVE TO INVENTIVE."
"FITS AND STARTS—RUSSIAN CZAR'S SLEEP."

This great success is all the more sensational seeing that it was secured with one of Raymond's

FREE SOLUTIONS.

No other solutionist has ever advertised a big win with a FREE effort. This is explained by the fact that until Raymond appeared offering FREE EXCLUSIVES, every solutionist claiming big wins for clients duplicated his FREE efforts. Raymond's HONESTY is proved by the fact that

RAYMOND HAS DEPOSITED £20 with "Competitors' Journal," and has authorised the Editor to pay that sum to the first person proving duplication. No other solutionist has ever dared to make a similar guarantee.

SEND THIS FREE SUCCESS COUPON TO-DAY.

To Mr. M. RAYMOND (Dept. 44), Offices: 150 Fleet St., London, E.C.

Please send me FREE TRIAL EFFORTS for ..... and list of testimonials. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope and promise to enter your free efforts and to pay you 3s. in the £ if a prize results.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

("P. W.," 20.12.13.)

OSMOND'S 'SERIAL.'

LATEST INSTALMENT—

LAST WEEK'S "ANSWERS" 1st PRIZE WINNER—

£500

Silent Service—
Sacrifices—Son Educating.

The above line was supplied by me to the winner—a Manchester gentleman, and I issue a challenge of **£1,000** to any person who undertakes to disprove it. I issue the same challenge to any person who undertakes to disprove that I supplied any of the following first prize winners:—

£500

Lawyer's Advice—A "Trial" Solicited. (*John Bull*)

£500

Grandmotherly Legislation—Marbles Abolished Next. (*John Bull*)

£500

Dead Silence—Crank's Ideal Sunday. (*John Bull*)

£500

Out of Fashion—Fitting Permitting Sitting. (*John Bull*)

£500

Short of Cash—Studying Employer's Signature. (*John Bull*)

For other first prize winners—**£300** twice, **£250** thrice, and **£200** once—see "Pearson's Weekly" Xmas Number, page 613.

Kindly note that I have written Six **£500** Winners since June 21st of this year. None of my advertised winners are of competitions long since dead.

Don't waste your entrance fees on free duplicated solutions, or pay double my charge for alleged "Specials" which win once every epoch.

Every one of my winners were supplied at my usual moderate price. If you wish to win first prize in any competition buy "OSMOND'S SPECIALS."

TERMS.—OSMOND SPECIALS, ANY COMPETITION: 4 for 1/-; 4 per week for month, 3/6; 13 weeks, 10/6. 15 per cent. commission on all wins over £1 in value. STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE EACH WEEK'S LINES.

HERBERT OSMOND,

England's Premier Wit,

17 Loughboro' Road, Brixton Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.

Oatine
offers you this

A dainty Testing Outfit—of eight Oatine preparations—containing trial tins of Oatine Cream and Oatine Snow, a full size 3d. tablet of Oatine Soap, a 2d. packet of Oatine Shampoo Powder, a sample packet of Face Powder, Shaving Powder, and Tooth Powder, also a tin of Oatine Salve, and a 50-page book on the complexion.

This Outfit is sent free to all sending name and address and 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to help pay cost of postage and packing.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY

and make the following test of Oatine. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying a little Oatine, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, showing that Oatine brings away dirt and grime from the pores which soap and water quite fail to remove.

Oatine differs from its many imitators in this all-important fact, that it does not stimulate or act on the skin in any artificial way. What it does is to keep the pores clear and fresh, and free from dust and grime, and at the same time restore to the skin the oil it needs if it is to be kept soft and velvety. It further feeds the skin and speedily removes wrinkles or ugly lines, for a wrinkled skin is a starved skin.

Remember, no other face cream can feed the skin and do this, hence the success of Oatine, which, being free from animal fat, cannot grow hair.

It is also much used by men to allay the irritation caused by shaving.

Oatine is stocked by all Chemists and is supplied in two varieties—OATINE CREAM (1/1½) for cleansing the pores and feeding the skin, and OATINE SNOW (1/-) for whitening the skin, and for use during the day as a protection from exposure.

THE OATINE CO.,

189D, OATINE BUILDINGS, BOROUGH, LONDON, S.E.